

The TATLER

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1632.

London
Oct. 5, 1932



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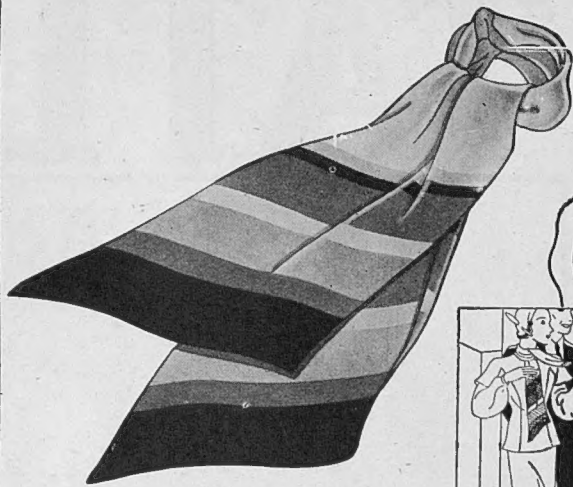
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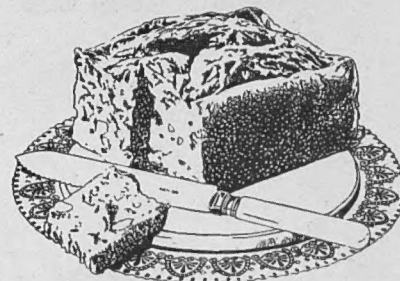
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The TATTLER

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H.H. THE MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR (inset) HER SON

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

The Maharani of Cooch Behar was formerly the much admired young Princess of Baroda, whose romantic marriage to the late Maharajah Jitendra Narain Bhup created such great interest at the time it happened. The present Maharajah, like his father, also his uncle the previous Maharajah—"Raji" to all his numerous friends—and also Prince Victor of Cooch Behar before him, is at Eton, and has just gone back for the Christmas half. His grandfather, the most famous of all the recent Maharajahs, was extremely popular in England, a close friend of King Edward VII, a first-class polo player, and a good man over Leicestershire

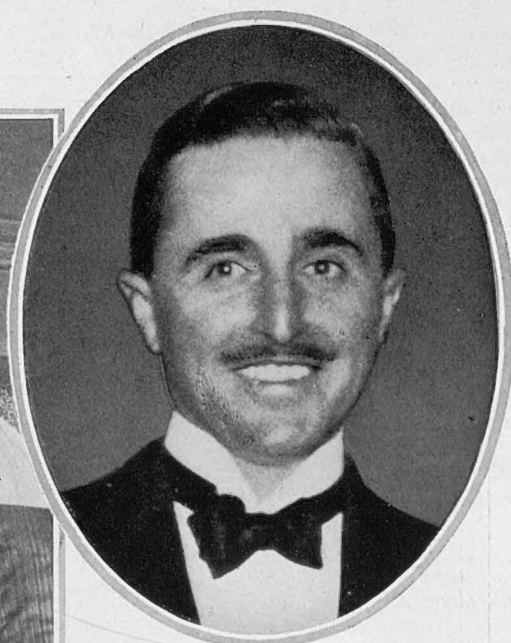
THE LETTERS OF EVE



THE OPENING OF THE GREEN PARK RESTAURANT: MISS MIRIAM SEEGAR,
MR. FRED KERR, AND MISS MARJORIE BROOKS

The Green Park Restaurant, Hotel Splendide, had its house-warming last night, and pretty nearly every celebrity in London at the moment was on the premises. Miss Miriam Seegar and Mr. Fred Kerr, whom London is very glad to see back again, are just home from Hollywood, and Miss Marjorie Brooks has had a sparkling success in "The Night of the Garter," which is making everybody who goes to the Strand Theatre bubble with laughter.

Sasha



Victor Hey

A GREAT LOSS—THE LATE
MR. MICHAEL HERBERT

One of the last and a very typical picture of some one who was the friend of so many of us and whose death is keenly felt and leaves a sad gap in the lives of all of us. Mr. Michael Herbert was the son of the late Sir Michael Herbert, former British Ambassador to Washington and a brother of Captain Sidney Herbert, who was member for the Scarborough and Whitby Division, 1922-31.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—Prince George, who has been staying at Newby Hall with Captain and Mrs. Edward Compton, visited Fountains Abbey during the week and was much impressed by its beauty. The whole party also

went over to Fountains Hall, a beautiful little Elizabethan manor house, built out of stones taken from the abbey, which was partially destroyed during the Reformation. Fountains Hall, which seems to have escaped the curse said to descend upon houses built from consecrated stones, belongs to Mr. Clare Vyner, who has furnished it with period furniture and made it one of the show places of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Clare Vyner is Captain Compton's younger brother, and changed his name when he inherited a large estate from his maternal grandfather, Mr. Bob Vyner, at the same time that his mother, Lady Alwyne Compton, added the surname of Vyner to her own.

Prince George greatly enjoyed his stay at Newby, where the large party of young people invited to meet him included Mr. Simon Elwes, the well-known young portrait painter. The whole house-party also visited Ripon Cathedral and went over to tea with the Princess Royal at Harewood. The Prince, who was very far from idle during his visit, opened the new swimming baths at Armley, visited Leeds University, and attended a banquet given in

his honour by the Gas Association. He returned to London on Thursday, and left to join his brother in Sweden on Friday.

Cupid seems to have been very active just lately, and there are plenty of new engagements to keep us busy with weddings for several months to come. Miss Betty du Pre, who is to

marry young Lord Churston, is certainly an extraordinarily pretty girl with dark hair, a lovely figure and a perfect complexion, and a calm dignity which she has possessed since she was a débutante four seasons ago. Colonel du Pre, her father, is very proud of his three attractive daughters, but not one of them, I fancy, shares his enthusiasm for croquet, to which he has devoted a great deal of his time since he gave up Parliament.

Another very pretty bride-to-be is Miss Leonora Brooke, who is going to marry Mr. Ausnit. Her fiancé's business keeps him in Bucharest for most of the year, but they are planning to have a house in London as well. Miss Brooke, who is tall and fair and athletic, is the eldest of the three daughters of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak. She generally spends half the year with her father out in Sarawak, where she is adored by the natives, and which, by all descriptions, must be a very lovely place.

Her mother, the Ranee, who is a daughter of the late Lord Esher, has just taken a house out Campden Hill way. (We are getting



AT THE UNITED HUNTS PLOUGHING MATCH

Mr. F. C. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclay's Bank, introducing Mrs. M. J. Kingscote, the wife of Captain M. J. Kingscote, M.F.H. (V.W.H. Cricklade), who gave away the prizes at the ploughing match of the United Hunts Agricultural Society, which has now been established for forty-six years. The match, which drew an entry of forty horse teams and tractors, was held at the Langford Downs Farm, Lechlade, of Mr. S. C. Wakefield.

very much like Paris now with everyone living in the outskirts and the middle left entirely to shops and hotels.) The Ranee is a very talented person and has written books and plays and held an exhibition of her sketches of Sarawak. And she is a hostess who gives the sort of parties that everyone wants to go to.

* * *

The Eshers, by the way, and Lady Mary Gilmour have gone out to Florence to stay with Mrs. George Keppel, who likes nothing better than entertaining her many English friends at her very lovely villa. This will be their first trip abroad this year, for they spent the summer at Watlington, the place in Oxfordshire which they bought some years ago and have now made most attractive.

Miss Virginia Brett, their eldest girl, will be one of next year's débutantes. So will her cousin, Miss Angela Ward, who is getting on well after her appendicitis operation. It was bad luck to have to come home to that after a lovely summer with her sister, Penelope, in Austria, staying with Lord Dudley in the house he took there for a month or two.

* * *

Lady Mary Gilmour spent a part of the summer at Sunningdale, and has just taken the Nunburnholme's house in London, which is now practically up to full strength again. I have just seen Mrs. John Manisty, who had only been back two days from the South of France, and also Colonel and Mrs. Piers Legh, who had been up at North Berwick. Mrs. Legh's daughter, Lady Grenfell, will be at Winchester, where her husband's regiment is quartered for the present.

Another person that I was delighted to see was Mr. John Burns. It is many years since he retired from public life, and one sees him so seldom now. He has always been a great student of history, and I doubt whether there is anyone with a more profound knowledge of



Sasha
LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND LORD D'ABERNON

At the opening of an exhibition of the Contemporary Art Society at Tooth's Gallery, Bond Street, Lady Patricia Ramsay performed the opening ceremony. The Contemporary Art Society is chiefly concerned in purchasing works of art by the lesser known artists and giving or lending them to national or municipal galleries

the historical side of London. It was Mr. Burns who had that very human idea of importing "tiddlers" into the London park lakes, to give the small boys their chance of a day's fishing.

* * *

The re-populating of the town was fully demonstrated at the reopening of the Embassy Club last week. I never thought I would see that famous institution so gaily decorated that we would be of two minds as to whether we were all in the middle of the Sahara or in some submarine aquarium. Blue and silver walls, an outline of Lady Godiva, complete with horse, a one inch diameter palm tree sprouting from behind the band up to the balcony, discs of overhead lighting, and concealed loud speakers all round the room. Be prepared, or your conversation

will be rudely interrupted with "Under the Moon I Love You" being crooned directly behind your back! But they all add to the party spirit, and indeed the opening night had every bit of that.

The place was so crowded that floor space was practically non-existent and dancing a question of good elbow work. Captain Christopher Mackintosh was at an advantage, being used to football scrums. He and Lady Jean had a party of seven, which included Patsy Richardson, who is another brilliant ski-er.

* * *

The new Alice in Wonderland hairdressing seems to be rapidly replacing the Windsweep. At least six or eight women, including Mrs. Vivian Cornelius, had their hair brushed smoothly back from the forehead into a thin tortoiseshell band, which lies across the top of the head and looks as though it might be leading to a hidden pair of earphones.

Gertrude Lawrence, who no longer has the golden streak in her hair, was wearing the most striking dress in the room. Of rather Spanish origin and bright red in colour, it had a dash of brilliant green velvet across the bodice. Another daring clash of colour was produced by Miss Margaret Whigham's mauve orchids against the vivid orange of her dress. She was in a large party given by the Sweeneys.

* * *

Among the other people I noticed were Mrs. Baillie Hamilton and John Loder, the film star, who is to be seen this week in *Wedding Rehearsal*. The Philip Kindersleys, she looking particularly young in pale blue and silver net, the Ronnie Balfours, Miss Rose Bingham, the Nick Prinseps, lovely Mrs. Raymond Massey, Mrs. Lee Guinness, and Lord and Lady Melchett—she had Greta Garbo hair before we ever heard of that intriguing star.

(Continued overleaf)
d 2



Lenore
LADY ANNE HUNLOKE

A recent portrait of the wife of Mr. Henry Hunloke. Lady Anne is the youngest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's daughters, and married Sir Philip Hunloke's son in 1930

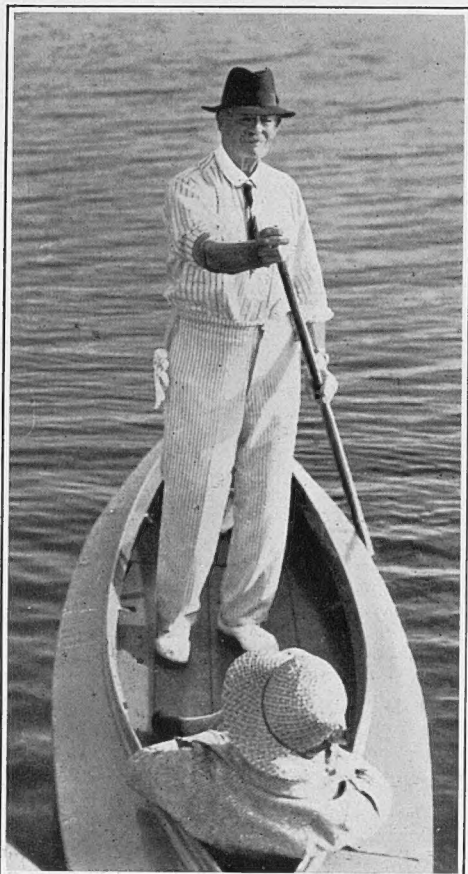


Balmuir
THE EARL OF KERRY AND LADY KATHERINE FITZMAURICE AT NORTH BERWICK

Lord Kerry is the Marquess of Lansdowne's eldest son and heir, and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, who is a year older, is the elder of the two daughters. The present Lord Lansdowne was on Lord Roberts' staff in South Africa. He was then the Hon. Henry Fitzmaurice

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Lord Inchcape was with Mr. and Mrs. Benny Thaw. Mrs. Thaw is busy entertaining her brother, Harry Morgan, who has just got married and is honey-mooning in London. When not too busy winning Cresta Run Cups at St. Moritz, he



LORD DESBOROUGH ON THE NORFOLK BROADS

A snapshot taken when Lord Desborough was in residence at White Sleas Lodge, Hickling, and the vessel is that good craft, the duck punt. Lord and Lady Desborough have two daughters, the Hon. Lady Salmond and Lady Gage, who was married only last year

contrary, has become an enthusiastic golfer and is, I gather, no mean player these days. Up to now he has devoted most of his time to shooting, and his golden retrievers are famous.

Talking of golf, I suppose that golfers, anglers, and hunting people hold the record for telling the tale. But I think the golfers are one up on the others since a couple of dummy shells, fired during ship's gunnery practice, landed, by mistake, in North Berwick! As no damage was done, and no one hurt, it has given the golfers a glorious chance of telling how a 16-in. shell whizzed over their heads as they were about to address the ball. Who they addressed instead of the ball is left to the imagination!

Miss Hermione Baddeley got back from Salzburg in time to take part in the revue shortly to be seen in London, called *After Dinner*, and which is now being tried out at Southsea, where it is having a great success. Miss Gwen Farrar is responsible for collecting a great many of the sketches, and the pianist at the Bat night-club has composed several very catchy tunes, which are also helping to make the show go.

writes plays in French, a language he speaks as fluently as his sister. He translated "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but his charming new wife is a brunette!

Lord and Lady Delamere were in the Club for a few brief moments. I thought she looked quite lovely; perhaps her summer diet of butter and milk is partly responsible. She and her husband, who are both expert anglers, have been fishing in Irish waters. Talking of fishing, Lady Broughton and Colonel Tom Ashton have been tunny fishing at Scarborough. Sir Delves, on the

Mr. Lister is responsible for part of the production, and he is also acting in it himself. Miss Baddeley's husband, Mr. David Tennant, tells me that there are several very good new ideas in it. He is working hard again at the managing of the Gargoyle, which continues to be as popular as ever.

Yet another of the big country places is to go the way of so many others. Cranmore, which belongs to Sir Arthur Paget and has been in the family for centuries, is about to be sold and dismantled before becoming the property of some charitable organization, and the family will be down there to help in the proceedings. Sir Arthur Paget is a musician and an inventor, and he constructed a machine of his own design for reproducing the human voice. His wife, Lady Muriel Paget, is an untiring member of an organization for relieving poor English people in Moscow who are either too old or too poor to come home. She flies out there frequently and works very hard both out there and at home in London. The Pagets have three daughters and a son. The eldest married Mr. Christopher Chancellor, the second married Lord Glenconner, and the youngest Mr. Piers Debenham.

The Christopher Chancellors are at the moment "doing time" in the Far East and have taken a house in Shanghai. Mr. Chancellor, who is Sir John Chancellor's son, is under thirty and has worked so hard in Reuters that he is now in charge of this vast and all-important concern out there. His father was Governor of many important colonies before he retired two years ago, his last posts being Governor of Southern Rhodesia and finally High Commissioner of Palestine.

Newbury is one of the most attractive and quite the unluckiest course as regards weather. It could not be allowed to get through its meeting without one really bad day. But we were thankful, after Friday's drenching, to get real hot sunshine on the Saturday when the race for the Cup was run, and some of the wise ones decided just what was going to win the Cesarewitch.

Most of the Newbury probables were to be seen—the Carnarvons, who had a small party at Highclere, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Sir Wyndham Portal, Mrs. Roundell, who has that lovely place near Winchester, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who always have a party at Coombe Park for their home meeting.

Others to be seen included Lady Poulett and Mrs. Vernon Tate, two proud mothers of attractive daughters, Miss Jean

Faudel-Phillips, who seemed to be spotting winners with great success, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harvey, and Miss Patricia Robertson.

It was good to be at Newmarket once again last week, though the place did seem half empty. Those who were there were mostly the usual people whom one expects to see. Lord Lonsdale and a Cadogan sister or two, Lord and Lady Durham, she enveloped in a long mink coat, Mrs. Kellett and Miss Monica Sheriffe, who always race together, and Mr. Sydney Beer, now returned from his castle near Salzburg and obviously enjoying a day's racing.

The new ray timing was a great excitement, but I think the best thing of the week was provided by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. This tall, good-looking, and very able trainer is the sort of person that one would imagine having pretty substantial bets on anything he really fancied. But after the success of the fallen hero, Orwell, in a race that seemed a dead certainty for him, he was seen proudly displaying the 1s. 3d. yielded by his 2s. bet on the tote.—EVE.



AT PERTH HUNT RACES: LADY MARJORIE HAMILTON AND THE HON. BRUCE AND MRS. OGILVY

Some more pictures of this always-successful gathering are on the page facing this one. The weather and the going were first class for the whole of the meeting, which is run over the obstacles. The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy is Lord Airlie's brother and was formerly an Equerry to the Prince of Wales. Lady Marjorie Hamilton is a daughter of the Earl of Leicester and Lady Airlie's sister

THE PERTH HUNT BALL



LADY TIVERTON AND MR. ALASTAIR ANDERSON



MAJOR McMICKING, MRS. WEDDERBURN, MR. MURRAY, AND MRS. McMICKING



LADY CLEMENTINE WARING AND MR. BIRRELL



LORD AND LADY SCONE



MISS GRANT AND DOUGLAS CAMERON OF LOCHIEL



MR. MAULE RAMSAY, LORD CARNEGIE, MISS CRICHTON-STUART, AND LADY CARNEGIE

The Perth Hunt meeting which, as most of the world knows, is run in the historic grounds of Scone Palace, they do say drew a bigger crowd than ever and the most encouraging feature probably was the tremendous number of house parties which were given. It is a great climax to the Scottish Autumn season and when the weather behaves as it did this time it takes a lot of beating. The Perth Hunt Ball, at which all these pictures were flash-shotted, was held in the County Hall and there was a tremendous muster. The Black Watch depôt is at Perth and that accounts for so many of the Royal Highlanders' kilts being in evidence, and adding greatly to the general decorative effect. Major McMicking and Mr. R. L. T. Murray are both in the 2nd Battalion, which is at Colchester, and Major McMicking commands the depôt. Lady Tiverton was one of the Hon. Mrs. Maule Ramsay's house party at Kellie Castle and Lord and Lady Carnegie were in Lord and Lady Scone's at Scone Palace. Lord Scone is the Earl of Mansfield's heir. Lady Clementine Waring is the Marquess of Tweeddale's sister

THE CINEMA : A Lovely Fool

By JAMES AGATE

I AM one of those odd people who do not like their entertainment to be continuous. I like to know when the show begins, when it ends, and when I may be presumed to be in the middle of it. Judge then of my delight when on walking into the Empire the other afternoon I found the main film just finishing. The time to dispose of one's hat and coat and the programme was beginning all over again. It began with *Romance in a Pond*, which turned out to be the life-history of the tadpole. This was one of those immensely fascinating Secrets of Nature films which always keep an audience enthralled and for me are marred only by the facetiousness of the explanatory matter. When will the makers of these films realize that having fastened our attention upon newts or earthworms or sea-anemones what we want about them are facts and not funniness. Next came *An Old Spanish Custom*, alleged on the programme to give one "an interesting insight into the gentle art of bull-fighting." More facetiousness. And then the film turned out to be largely a sell because we were shown little else beyond the handling of the cape. But surely the business of bull-fighting includes planting darts in the animals, the hideous maltreatment of defenceless horses, and I am not sure that you might not describe the whole thing as the hideous maltreatment of a defenceless bull since I take it that he is never despatched until his defence has been broken down. Now let us be logical about this. I do not pine to see horses disembowelled. But if I go to see a bull-fight, then logically I must be prepared to see this, and I resent being shown something alleged to be bull-fighting from which all the essential part has been eliminated. In fact the whole of this film struck me as being tame, as tame as those half-hearted affairs in the South of France, in which bulls with padded horns chase gigolos over palisades. But man was ever illogical, and I do not claim to be an exception to the rule. The next piece was a News Item, in which was shown some racing at Brooklands, including, to my horror, the recent fatal accident. I consider that this is dreadful and that the Board of Film Censors should stop it. I cannot think that tragic accidents, whether they be at Brooklands or the Grand National, or on the Great West Road, can ever be a part of public entertainment.

There followed something entitled *Doctor's Orders*, featuring Franklyn Pangborn, and I regret to say that Mr. Pangborn remains for me featureless since the first two minutes of this picture sent me sound asleep, in which blessed condition I remained until aroused by the pink blast of Mr. Sandy MacPherson's organ. Conductors of jazz bands apart, I doubt whether anybody can have played a greater quantity of bad music than Mr. MacPherson. However, the stuff is popular, and that I suppose is Mr. MacPherson's justification. Here I will permit myself a story the pertinence of which will be seen presently. I was once sitting in a Bohemian club, my co-sitters being our wittiest musical-comedy librettist and our vainest musical-comedy star. When our drinks had been deposited on the spotless napery the librettist said to the actor: "My dear fellow, the new piece is going to give you the chance of a lifetime. There is something you can do in the middle act which will stagger the whole West End." "What is that?" said the actor. "Get out of the centre of the stage for five seconds!" said the librettist, lifting to his lips his tankard of massive and antique silver. I have told this little story because it enables me to suggest that Mr. MacPherson has the chance at the Empire of doing something which might stagger the entire celluloid world. He might play something on the organ that was composed for the organ!

In the interval we were shown some excerpts from the following week's picture. This appeared to be about an American lawyer who is sea-green and incorruptible as far as America is concerned. Alas that he falls for a young woman who has traversed the green seas between Hollywood and Sweden! The piece is called *Mad Masquerade*, and as Lionel Barrymore plays the lawyer I have no doubt it will be a great success since he is at once a shocking bad actor and a magnificent film star. The plot reminds me of the old story of the witty French dramatic critic who said: "There are no respectable actresses on the French stage except Mlle. Mardi, and her protector is the Duc de Jeudi!" I often wonder why the films should suppose that clever men are so utterly humbugged by these enchantresses. Surely your man of any brain realizes exactly how much it is costing him to be enchanted and that it is worth it. He does not wake up to find himself bankrupt; he knows he is going to be bankrupt when he goes to sleep. "J'en ai eu pour mon argent," said Balzac's provincial after Jenny Cadine had taken every farthing he possessed. The old boy had had his money's worth and knew it. The film appears to gloss over the man's satisfaction in the matter, perhaps because the woman film-goer likes to think that her sex can take everything and give nothing in return. But that is a matter which we must go into some other time.

At last we reached the main picture of the afternoon, Buster Keaton in *Speak Easily*. The point of this picture is that a professor of something or other at one of those odd conglomerations which Americans quaintly call colleges, happening to speak English instead of American, is at once hailed as an eccentric comedian of maximum irresistibility. Under the impression that he has inherited the best part of a million dollars and finding himself in the same train with a wretched troupe of travelling actors, he agrees to finance and finally run their show. He opens on Broadway, and, when things go wrong, emerges from the wings to put matters right, whereby the fashionable audience takes him for the show's chief comedian. Let me say at once that I spent a very uncomfortable hour and a half wondering whether my loyalty to Charlie Chaplin might not be in danger. Buster Keaton's performance is superb. He realizes what so very few buffoons have known, that half

the secret of buffoonery lies in the gravity of the actor. His mask, of course, helps him greatly, for it enables the Professor to begin by looking like Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet, and to continue in that rapture till the end. Bicycles may run over him, strong men may throw him into the well of the orchestra, a rope from the flies in which he becomes entangled may whirl him round and round the revolving set. But we feel that this prince of sadness is beyond minor mischance, that picking himself up and dusting the knees of his trousers he will say: "We defy augury; the readiness is all." I don't know that I was in a particularly good temper, or that just before dinner is the best time to see a comic picture. But I do know that without any companion to share the merriment, and sitting in a vast area of empty seats, I laughed till the tears literally ran down my face. And by literally I mean literally, and not in the sense in which one might carelessly say that Buster Keaton is literally the most polished of all film stars. I hope it is not disloyal to Mr. Keaton to say that a good half of this film's credit should be given to Mr. Jimmy Durante. Mr. Durante's face is always a study, but it is never better worth studying than when he tries out a story on the stage manager and Mr. Sidney Toler replies: "If I was already laughing, I should stop!"



LUCKY MISS MCKINNEY OF LOS ANGELES

She is snapshotted after just having won a \$5,000 sweepstake, organized for charity at Los Angeles. Visitors to the dog show were charged an extra 50 cents on the cost of their ticket, for a coupon, on which they were asked to record their guess, in pounds and ounces, of the weight of the two prize dogs, Waffles and Dumpsie, shown in the above picture

AT THE NEWMARKET SALES LAST WEEK



LADY FITZWILLIAM AND LORD
GEORGE DUNDAS IN A HURRY



MISS AUDREY LEADER, HER FATHER
HARVEY LEADER, JACK LEACH, AND
(right) LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE



MRS. COOPER-BLAND WITH
CAPTAIN TOM HILDER



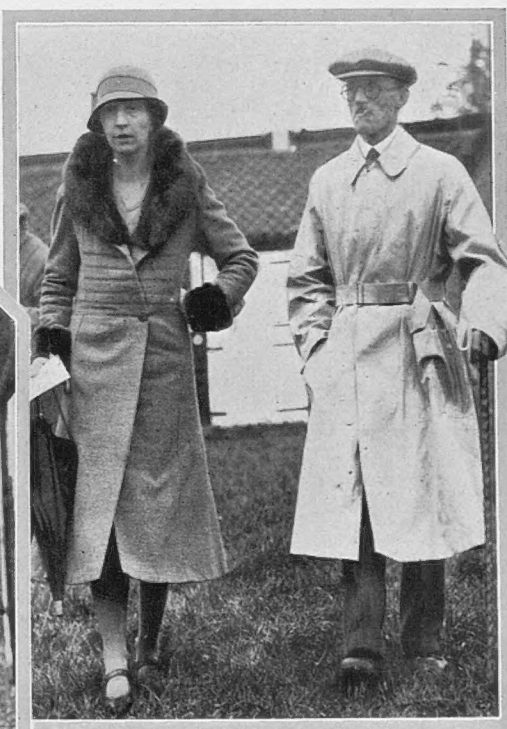
LADY BARBARA SMITH
WITH FELIX LEACH

The late Lord Coventry's daughter, Lady Barbara Smith, who owned horses in partnership with her distinguished father and is one of the Turf's most popular figures, was glad to have a word with Felix Leach at the First October Sales. The latter has trained at Newmarket for years, and his sons, Jack and "Chubb," are keeping up the tradition

The knowledgeable notabilities of the racing world always rally in force at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales, and many were in evidence at last week's auctionings. Lady Fitzwilliam was both buying and selling, and six of Harvey Leader's youngsters changed hands. The fourth member of the famous Leader quartette trains for Lord Willoughby de Broke amongst other owners



MR. J. CLAYTON, HIS MOTHER MRS. CLAYTON
OF SEVERALS HOUSE, AND HARRY COTTRILL



OVER FROM WORCESTERSHIRE
SIR RICHARD AND LADY BROOKE

Sir Richard Brooke, who used to be in the Scots Guards, both owns and breeds horses at Norton Priory. Mr. J. Clayton (see left) is an owner, too, and bought Captain Percy Berwicke's house and stables at Newmarket three years ago. Mrs. Cooper-Bland (see top right) is the wife of a M.F.H., and Captain Tom Hilder had the Gulway Blazers, 1931-2

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"



A COLWALL PARK GROUP LAST WEEK

Howard Barrett

An interesting collection of local and otherwise celebrities at this cheery little meeting last week. Included in it, left to right, are: Mr. Philips, jun. (trainer), Mr. Gilbert Robinson (the owner), Mr. T. Lawson Walker (one of the stewards), Mr. A. Paget Parker, Mrs. Reg. Brown (an owner), Mrs. Tate (also an owner), T. Cullinan (who won the National in 1930 on Shaun Goilin), Mr. R. Bennet, Mr. C. Piggott, and Mrs. Ancil (also a well-known owner)

LATE racing has many advantages and has come to stay. It increases attendances and enables one to have lunch in London or on the train in preference to on the course, but it has the disadvantage of getting one back to London and thence to Newmarket very late. If anything, the intervals should be shortened instead of lengthened as at Newbury, and a special might be run after the fourth race instead of the third, which is too early. Newmarket only varies its time by starting earlier, having no Saturday crowd to cater for. Not so many years ago the whole racing world used to take rooms or houses in Newmarket, and a most amusing place it was. Now they arrive and leave by car or train unless they are in the enviable position of having friends nearby and "stopping private," as Tattersalls' ring call it. It was this matter of "stopping private" that caused the first and only tiff in one of the happiest married triangles on the turf. Even the most complaisant of husbands is entitled to become aggrieved when the shorter side of the triangle with the best "put up" within a fifty-mile radius of Doncaster is given his congé within a week of the Leger in favour of a still shorter side without even a villa within a taxi ride of Northolt. He was well within his rights in saying that this was allowing the heart to govern the head too much altogether. The train journey down to Newmarket is painfully slow compared to the Newbury run, but this is probably because the track won't stand any higher speed. It was probably due to the jolting of the train that one of the stewards sustained a most unfortunate injury, a jug of boiling water being upset all over his legs. Nothing could be more painful and he had to go into hospital. Brandy and ginger-ale doesn't blister and is undoubtedly the safest morning drink.

A new innovation at Newmarket is the automatic tote ticket issuer, of which a specimen was in the members' enclosure. It returns all but the best of florins and all money put on non-runners or for a place when there is no place betting. You merely insert a florin, turn the dial to the number, and the ticket is issued. As it can only be used for florins and apparently needs a man to look after it, it may not be put in regular use, but it is most ingenious even though it doesn't pay out like its cousin, the "fruit" machine.

The Newbury Cup was Gordon Richards at his best, and the greatest credit must be given to Douglas Pennant for having the horse, in fact both horses, so well. On the strength of this race Nitsichin has been installed favourite for the Cesarewitch, but as a very good judge said, "I won't stand her, she hangs and races with her head on one side." Yet even "very good

judges" make mistakes, and nearly all the ones I met backed Hyperion, a most moderate individual, to beat Manitoba, a high-class race-horse. This judgment business is very odd, many people never being able to see which of two horses is going the best in a race and many others being extraordinarily skilful without knowing anything of horses at all. As a class undoubtedly the worst judges of the lot are, funnily enough, the jockeys.

A few, a very few can tell you accurately all about a race and give you an idea of how good or bad your horse is. These are the lads to have working for you. The remainder have no idea and only mislead you. As it reflects on their jockeyship, few jockeys will ever admit they were slowly away from the gate. They either jumped off and pulled back behind the others or else got knocked side-

ways and lost ten lengths, never less. They generally have a firm conviction that they were making running at some period of the race and invariably say they could have been right on top of the placed horses. As an instance, a friend of mine went the other day to see a two-year-old run at the request of his trainer, who said it was tailed off in all its gallops and he wished the owner to see for himself how bad it was. Getting somewhat slowly away the animal was tailed off for four furlongs and in the last furlong ran through four horses that were easing up. "I got away first," the jockey maintained, "and pulled in behind the others. She undoubtedly stays as she was running on and I could have been right atop of the placed horses." The animal in question would have had to start overnight to win a bandsman's race at a flower show and has since been turned out of training.

It would be invidious to name the jockeys and trainers who are the shrewdest judges, but of the non-professional race-goers who don't base their opinions entirely on the market, probably Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Captain "Cardie" Montagu, and Colonel Carruthers would be hard to beat. At the beginning of the season and after the start of the "nurseries" the market has to be taken more largely into account than during the rest of the year. There is no form to go by at the beginning, and a larger proportion of "hay-and-corn" winners appear at long prices at the end of the season, for which the nurseries provide an admirable medium. Several of the races at the First October Meeting and the John Porter Stakes at Newbury have become a farce. In one of these races the entries were made just under four years ago for three-year-olds of this year. Penalties preclude any good horse from being left in, and the races cut up to three or four animals who have little or no chance of winning any other sort of race. The meeting was, however, interesting as showing us Myrobella, Manitoba in his true light, and most regrettably Orwell, apparently out of love with racing and possibly not to run again. What a tragic end to what must have been a smashing horse—anyway up to a mile!

The Apprentice Race, like the one last year, was a fiasco, as out of the six runners that went to the post only four ever appeared again. The winner, Claymore, gave Fred Darling his fourth winner of the day in the strangest of finishes, for he dropped right out at the distance and suddenly ran on again from an apparently impossible position and won somewhat cleverly. With the present dearth of jockeys it would be a good thing to have even more of these events; such a very small proportion of apprentices ever get a ride in public.



FRANCES LADY PORTMAN AND HER SON, CAPTAIN NOEL LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, AT THE PORTMAN'S SHROTON FAIR MEET

Chas. E. Brown



ALSO ON SHROTON FAIR DAY: MISS JOANNA GLYN AND MR. GERALD W. B. PORTMAN ON HAMBLEDON HILL

Chas. E. Brown

The Shroton Fair meet of the Portman is an annual event of great local importance, and entails not only the pursuit of hounds on Hambledon Hill in the morning but also whole-hearted participation in the fair's fun after lunch. Frances Lady Portman, who has the youngest possible spirit in spite of her eighty years, was intending to follow on foot, but could not resist the offer of a mount. Mr. Gerald Portman was acting as Field Master for his father, Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman, Joint Master. Miss Joanna Glyn is Sir Richard Glyn's elder daughter



THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT

Miss Compton Collier

Baroness Beaumont's only sister, of whom a new portrait, with her daughter, is shown above, married Mr. Richard Gerald Micklethwait in 1929. Among the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait's claims to fame is a lovely and quite natural complexion which is the envy of her friends. She and her husband live in Yorkshire, and think that no other county can hold a candle to it. The group on the right was taken at Captain Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Schreiber's Suffolk home, where Lord Faringdon has recently been paying his daughter a visit. His grandson, Mr. John Schreiber, who married Miss Maureen Dent two years ago, is in the Auxiliary Air Force



THREE GENERATIONS: LORD FARINGDON, CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. SCHREIBER, AND MR. AND MRS. JOHN SCHREIBER AT MARLESFORD HALL

Miss Compton Collier

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING

Farther Afield.

WHEN all the people staying in the hotel were keyed up to intense excitement because Kitty, the housemaid, had been jilted by her young man and Kitty was treating the hotel to a one-woman earthquake, I knew then that I was in Ireland. The Irish are very sociable that way. Europe might go on incessantly quarrelling and talking, talking and quarrelling again, but the housemaid's floods of anger and of tears were far more interesting and exciting and did, at any rate, lead *somewhere*. Alternately we smoothed the one and mopped up the other to a man. That is the best of being "off the map," so to speak. The past has ceased to exist, the future may take care of itself but, by Heaven, whatever the present moment has in it of comedy or tragedy must be squeezed out of it to the uttermost drop! You see, nothing else half so exciting may happen during the whole course of the day. You cannot depend upon newspapers and theatres and cinemas and one-day carnivals to thrill you artificially when you are "off the map," so you have to find your own thrill in whatever happens to be happening under your very nose. No wonder people who live "off the map" are far more easily amused, consequently far livelier, far more ready to smile and to laugh than people who live from one metaphorical big head-line to another and simply don't know what to do with their time when they are left to fill it from their own individual resources. I don't think I ever knew that post-War life could still be such fun as I did when last week I was staying in the North of Ireland. It was like suddenly stepping back thirty years, to the days when people could enjoy simple things, and neither their hope for the future nor their pockets were being steadily drained of all the more eager joys. I saw things there which I had not seen for twenty years at least, besides having a holiday at the same time from many things which I see most days but never want particularly to see again. I never saw one suit of beach-pyjamas, for instance! I never saw one plucked eyebrow. I saw no awful female in trousers. I saw none of the too, too wealthy hogs. I wasn't worried by that tyrant, to whom only a morally inert world would ever submit, known as "Dora" in her sillier phases. It was like stepping into a pre-War existence. I saw families standing hand-in-hand bobbing up and down in the water and shrieking with merriment. I saw more grandmothers bathing and enjoying themselves like little girls than I believed still existed. I saw bathing costumes worn without remark which to-day have passed into the sure-fire jokes, along with flannel petticoats. Above all, I saw more happy-looking people than I have ever seen for many years. And, after all, that's what life is for—to be happy in! That is why I can recommend Northern Ireland for a holiday. In spite of its hideous villages and even uglier small towns, with their "low church" atmosphere of plain gloom, the isolated cottages

are enchanting and the scenery magnificent. Above all, the simplicity of everyone's life, and the jolly kind of happiness which comes from being simple, make it a holiday ground which grows upon you day by day, until, very soon, you wouldn't care if you never again saw another London newspaper, nor worry very much if European politicians did still continue like so many angry, jealous, suspicious washer-women trying to get the best of one another over their garden walls; nor remember what exactly motor-bandits may be; nor suffer D.O.R.A., nor fight and struggle and push-as-push-can in order to make a bare living; nor if skirts were going to be longer this autumn and waists higher; nor if Greta Garbo (that great big film flop, so far as I am concerned) was actually *seen* by an unhallowed eye lolling in her own Hollywood garden. Indeed, if your heart and soul yearn to step back in Time for at least thirty years, I can

think of no better place towards which to turn your footsteps than the Antrim coast. Even though most of the social and religious prejudices still waging there are pre-War, so also, and anyway, are the rates and rents. Moreover, if indeed the more modern amusements are a little disappointing, the modern conveniences are just as good as elsewhere, and ever so much cheaper. So what you lose on the proverbial roundabouts you gain on the providential swings. And if the intellectual life may be low, I would sooner have none at all than the too, too bright young "blatherers" who love to masquerade as high-brow. It is all a question of the necessary adjustments. And, after all, wherever one may be, these adjustments are still necessary, if one would live at peace, while still enjoying whatever there is to enjoy. One is only free within oneself, after all. And that, alas! is a bitter pill which we all have to swallow sooner or later if we would ever really grow up.

* * * Simple People.

And it is no good pretending that simple people leading simple lives are on a lower mental plane than those who can only begin to live in a crowd, and all that a crowd means. You

have, for example, the picture of the thousands who tried to see a wretched man executed the other day in Paris, and the equal thousands who tried to see a notorious middle-aged gentleman sitting in a barrel—two estimable examples of our so-called civilization. No, it is always dangerous to talk about progress when it is not entirely a question of drains. In anything else, humanity in the bulk can always be relied upon to prove that it has advanced nowhere at all; at least 20 per cent. of it are proof-positive of the missing link without further investigation. It always amuses me when I read how in Russia anything approaching real intelligence, the repercussion of an active brain, is regarded with suspicion as being latently bourgeois. Only by our intelligence and taste, however, are we in any degree above the animals. And true aristocracy is a mental and not by any means a social plane. The elephant can beat us in brawn every time; the monkey in nimbleness. The mistake which

(Continued on p. 12)



MRS. CLARKE KERR

Hat Linden

The wife of H.E. the British Minister at Stockholm, who, after H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit to H.M. the King of Sweden, will be his hostess. Mrs. Clarke Kerr was formerly Maria Teresa, daughter of Señor Diaz-Salas, and Mr. Clarke Kerr married her when he was His Majesty's Minister of Central America at Santiago. He was appointed to Stockholm in 1931

MY DEAR WATSON . . . !

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Cynical Lady : A regler Shylock Holmes you are ; wants yer pound of flesh orlright, don't yer ?



J. Russell & Sons
MR. GEOFFREY TOYE, THE FAMOUS
CONDUCTOR

A recent photograph of Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who is at present in Copenhagen conducting performances of English ballet before the Prince of Wales and the King of Denmark. Mr. Toye is a director of Sadler's Wells and the Royal Philharmonic Society, and has been actively co-operating with Sir Thomas Beecham in the recent orchestral and operatic re-shuffle

interesting chapter in Mr. Arthur Mills's interesting book of travel, "From Piccadilly to Devil's Island" (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), which tells of his experience in the French penal settlement, and there you would have a very low picture of what man can achieve when his fellow-men are placed in his absolute power. The veneer which covers most of us lies very thinly over the majority. Some at moments almost co-equal with the Divine, so many more a good deal more bestial than the beasts of the field. The vast majority—a pendulum swinging evenly somewhere between the two extremes as circumstances permit. Devil's Island is a fairly good example of one swing of the human pendulum, anyway. Before, however, we reach that refinement of cruelty in the name of justice, Mr. Mills takes us along with him to Japan, South America, Cochin China, Hollywood, New York; finally to land us on the Gold Coast, after having interested us most of the time. A pity, therefore, that the book opens rather badly. The first few chapters almost put me off reading the rest. They were so full of the antics of the British Raj in his puppy stage, and although the back-ground was Japan and China we, as readers, might still have been in Piccadilly. Later on, however, the book gains real interest and value. As a volume of travel which does not go very deeply into any question, but yet gives a series of vivid pictures of various parts of the world as the slowly passing traveller might see them, it is very readable indeed.

A Charming Novel.

The glory of the good novelist is shown in "The Cypresses Grow Dark" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), by Ursula Bloom. The somewhat cryptic title is taken from a letter written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Robert Browning: "Between me and that time the cypresses grow dark. . . ." The full charm of the story is, however, the account of how Shirley Keyes almost wrecked her life and happiness, and how Shane Keyes

democracy consciously, or unconsciously, makes is an inclination to drag us all down to the level of the loafing man; and by that I mean the man who is not mentally fitted for any other than casual labour. Democracy can so easily become merely the triumph of the less educated at the expense of all those mental attitudes which have raised man above the animals and have brought him within reasonable understanding of some kind of God. Read, for example, that

found himself derelict in a post-War world in which he lived almost as an anachronism; and of old Captain Keyes and his wife, and of Burke Keyes who died in the War, and of Jonathan Keyes whom the early "peace" years found forced to make a fresh beginning, when he should be rightly in the full flood of a career. In the lives of all of these people the cypresses grew dark, for Shirley and Shane most of all. But although we follow the story of each member of the Keyes family with real interest, because they are sincerely described, and because we like them all, the novel is more unusual because in it the author has described the effect which the "house" made on this family as they fell from squiredom in 1910, to a villa in 1920, and finally to a service flat. At each change something in their whole outlook towards life and towards themselves altered. The alteration was not drastic, but, subtly, it was nevertheless definite. And it presents us with three different pictures, both of environment and of period, which Miss Bloom has seized upon to give us the best story she has so far written.

A Grim Story.

I often wonder why husbands and wives are so furiously astounded when either is unfaithful, when they have never so much as gone one step in any direction to make themselves lovable and necessary to each other. Of course, I know that the hero of G. Wyndham Haslett's grim but well-written story, "The House of Illusion" (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.), was abnormal, but, nevertheless, lots of men and women act in the same illogical way. Geoffrey Martir had withdrawn himself from the world to live in the library writing books extolling "the hidden qualities of the unseen." It is a "dream" life which many try to make real, few have the wherewithal to accomplish, or, when we do, find that our sanctuary is full of loneliness and echoes. What really makes for happiness is a kind of withdrawing room, which we can enter at any time, shake our fist at the outside world, and bang the door! Martir, however, put his "dream" into practice. He wanted peace. He desired only beauty. This last desire, however, had landed him with a young wife five years before the story opens. Moira the wise woman, realizing that it is rather unsatisfactory to be merely the figure of a husband's "dream," found reality in the arms of Michael Benthem. A silly cousin tells Geoffrey all about it, and, strangely enough, he is both angry and surprised! In a stormy scene with Moira he slips and falls downstairs. During the subsequent illness he becomes less a connoisseur of beauty than a pathological case. The obsession which follows, ending in murder and suicide, form a grim conclusion, but the author has made it exciting and extremely moving to read.

The Story of a Pitiful Tragedy.

"I am a Fugitive" (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.), by Robert E. Burns, is written by a man who must, perforce, live in hiding, because for the second time he is an "escapee from the notorious Chain Gang of Georgia." The original crime was to take an unwilling part in a hold-up, his reward for which was only a few dollars. He was captured, however, and sentenced to ten years in the Chain Gang. This was soon after the War, in which the writer served. He managed to escape, however, after serving a few months, and fleeing to Chicago he led a decent life for seven years and worked his way up to independence and respect. Then a jealous woman gave him away. He had married her, or rather, he had allowed her to marry him, and later on, in a fit of anger, she informed the police of his real identity. As a consequence, he was rearrested and sent once again back to the horror of the Georgia prison. True, he is once again at liberty, but this time he has to live desperately in hiding. This book is the story of his tragedy and his persecution, and the horror of prison life in certain States of America. It is the well-written narrative of a young man whose mind was wounded by the War.



URSULA BLOOM

Elwin Neame

Whose latest book, "The Cypresses Grow Dark," has just been published and is fully reviewed in these pages. In private life Ursula Bloom is Mrs. Gower Robinson. Her first book, "Tiger," was published privately when she was only seven, and a copy was accepted by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

ROUND THE LONDON SHOWS



Janet Jevons

MISS QUEENIE THOMAS AND MISS FIONA McKENZIE
AT DALY'S



Capstick
MISS
TILLY
BRISSON



Janet Jevons

MISS HELEN GILLILAND AS "THE MERRY WIDOW"

The two attractive ladies in the picture above made their bow at Daly's last Monday in a novel musical turn with Pataloff, and incidentally made a good success of it. Miss Fiona McKenzie is a coloratura soprano of quality and in South Africa, whence she hails, played Marguerite in "Faust" and also repeated the performance later on in London. The ever-green "Merry Widow" came to the Hippodrome on the 29th ult. after an exhilarating tour in the provinces. There is an immensely strong cast with a fascinating "widow" in pretty Helen Gilliland backed by Tilly Brisson and her brother Carl (Danilo), George Graves popping off as brilliantly as of yore as Popoff, Nancy Lovatt, and Jay Laurier, who stepped into W. H. Berry's shoes as Nisch at the very last moment when the original Nisch found that his throat had let him down so badly that it was quite impossible to carry on. The original run of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's in 1907 was 778 performances, and at each of the two revivals the second century was passed. The great old musical comedy can only stay at the Hippodrome until Christmas as the theatre will then be needed for a pantomime

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATT,—I suppose you have heard some of this drivel about the danger of Rugby becoming professionalized, but you needn't pay the least attention to it. If amateur Rugby could hold its own in 1895, much more can it do so to-day. What Rowland Hill and Temple Gurdon said, they their successors in office say to-day—we may give the game up, but we will never see it professionalized. Against such determination there is no arguing; it would be merely a waste of time.

The curious thing is that no one wants Rugby to be a professional game except, perhaps, the sensation-mongers, for the simple reason that there is no money in it, at any rate for clubs. The Rugby League organizations, many of them, are far from prosperous, even in the north, so what chance would similar clubs have in the south, or even in the midlands? There is hardly a town where a professional team could pay its expenses for a season, to say nothing of making a profit. One cannot imagine the powers that be losing their sleep o' nights, or dreaming of empty stands at Twickenham.

It is said that the Scottish Union have forbidden Mr. F. H. Waters, their famous International forward, to play Rugby on the grounds that he writes about the game in the Press. This seems hard lines on the player in question, but it was only to be expected. The Scottish R.U. has always been particularly down on anything that savours of a breach of the rules of amateurism, and though Mr. Waters is probably as pure an amateur as ever wore the Scottish thistle, he can hardly be surprised. But to the ordinary public it seems a good deal of fuss about a very small matter, and the London Scot will get a lot of sympathy, almost as much perhaps as Don Bradman, who looks like being altogether too strong for the Australian authorities.

Most people are glad to know that the selection of the English teams is to be in the hands of the same five gentlemen as last season. The chairman is Mr. John Daniell, once familiarly known as the Prophet, in his day captain of Cambridge and of England, a famous forward of the highest class. With him is Captain E. W. Roberts, R.N., another great forward, captain of the Navy, of Devon, and of England. Two more England forwards in R. F. Oakes, hero of Durham and of Yorkshire alike, and F. D. Prentice, of the famous Leicester

Club, do excellent work, and last, but by no means least except physically, is Harry Coverdale, Blackheath and England, who would have had many more caps had he not been a contemporary of the one and only W. J. A. Davies.

These are the men who, starting from zero last season, stuck to their work in spite of serious disappointments and eventually produced a side which defeated Ireland and Scotland, and managed to share championship honours with Wales and Ireland. This was definitely a fine achievement, especially after the fiascos of the previous season, and it is not too much to say that against Scotland the England side was at least equal in strength to any of the other national teams. And, best of all, it was a young side, the most youthful that ever represented England, and full of men who, there is every reason to believe, had not reached the peak of their form.

It is early days to talk of international games; most of the players are hardly fit yet, but it does seem probable that we shall have a powerful team, which ought to improve on last season's record. Perhaps it will be the first England side to win at Murrayfield, that Rugby Bannockburn which has so far spelt nothing but disaster to England's hopes. Next March may tell a different story, unless, indeed, the Scotsmen pull themselves together and build up practically a fresh fifteen. Most of those who came to Twickenham last March must have worn the Scottish jersey for the last time.

The Welshmen cannot have been very pleased with their season. Even after throwing away what seemed an assured victory over the South Africans, they looked to have the championship within their grasp, but an entirely unexpected defeat by Ireland shattered their hopes of the triple crown. To the outsider Wales seems badly in need of an inspiring leader, especially among the forwards. Brawn and muscle abound, but brains seem to be lacking. The loss of J. C. Morley to the professional game, after playing fourteen times for Wales, has been a serious blow to his club, Newport, and his country will miss him later on in the season. At his best he was a great player, and everybody will wish him good luck in the north. That's all this week from

HARLEQUIN.



THE OLD BLUES, WHO BEAT THE OLD PAULINES

R. S. Crisp

The battle took place at Thames Ditton, and the Old Blues squandered the opposition by 28 points to 3. In the group, left to right, are: Back—A. L. Sloper (vice-president), J. A. Pateman, J. R. Harrison, J. S. Owen, G. H. R. Goobey, P. Bartram, H. J. Hobden, C. H. Chapman, J. Garrard, H. F. Stripp (hon. team secretary). Seated—D. C. V. Roberts, T. G. Jennings, C. J. W. Hodgson, T. N. Pearce (captain), R. A. Jones, E. M. Undery, and E. L. M. Mathias



HARLEQUINS v. ROSSLYN PARK AT RICHMOND

The man with the ball is N. B. Hunter (Rossllyn Park), the player, clear on his right, is C. L. Sparke (Harlequins), and the one on the extreme left is P. E. Hodge (Harlequins). The Harlequins won by 9 points to 3



“Wake up in the morning when the day is dawning,
But sleep your very best till then”

By AMY KATHERINE BROWNING, R.O.I., A.R.C.A.

Amy Katherine Browning is the name under which Mrs. T. C. Dugdale is known in the world of pictures, and this is a particularly charming example of her work. Her husband, Mr. Thomas Cantrell Dugdale, R.P.S., is the famous artist whose pictures are so well known at the Academy and other galleries, also in the Colonial and Continental ones. Miss Browning is likewise a regular exhibitor in the Academy, the leading provincial galleries, and in America and France. She won the gold medal and the silver medal at the Salon des Artistes Français and a highly-commended for two pictures purchased by the Luxembourg Gallery



Opening time
is
GUINNESS
TIME

GUINNESS AND OYSTERS
ARE GOOD FOR YOU



G.E. 253

*Hay Wrightson***LADY FRANCIS SCOTT—TWO RECENT PORTRAITS**

The striking likeness to Mary Countess of Minto, Lady Francis Scott's mother, which is to be seen in these two portraits will be remarked upon by anyone who may be in the fortunate position to know. Lady Francis Scott, who was Lady Eileen Elliot, is the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of the late Earl of Minto and Mary Countess of Minto; her sisters being the Countess of Cromer, who was Lady Ruby Elliot, and Lady Violet Astor, who married the Hon. John Astor as her second husband. Lord Francis Scott was serving on Lord Minto's Staff during his Viceroyalty, and is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. He was badly wounded in the war, and of recent years has been farming in Kenya. Lady Francis Scott has been in England for a few months, but is shortly returning to Kenya.



Priscilla in Paris

UNCOMFORTABLE things, clothes! Don't you hate the first days in town after the holidays, Très Cher? The attendant discomfort of shoes and stockings and proper-to-goodness garments and hats and all the little bothers of vanity-bag and suchlike oddments drives me distracted. Nevertheless, I do not sympathise with the young idiots who came up from the South by train the other day in Palm Beach and Eden Roc attire! Such a sorry-looking crowd of mountebanks they seemed on the platform of the Gare de Lyon. It happened to be a grey morning, and the gaudy fripperies of the Côte d'Azur need sunshine. The Golden Girls and Boys looked more sallow than golden, and the dust that they must eventually turn to was already upon them in the shape of train smuts and general mussiness. . . . But the most revolting spectacle of all was offered by a fairly well-known and bearded poet who affects the romantic air of an Alfred de Musset; he had evidently suffered from train-sickness (or was it too many cocktails or too much Yo-Yo that made him so bleary-eyed and wobbly-kneed?), for he could hardly stagger to the exit, and half-a-dozen taxi-drivers discovered urgent business elsewhere, rather than ship him and his jade-green beach suit, worn over a crêpe-de-Chine shirt, all frilled up with jabots of lace like one of grandma's nighties!

A part the above-mentioned sartorial discomforts, that are, of course, really quite unimportant, I am glad to be home. It is always fun to see all the old faces and hear the latest gossip first hand. I nearly always read letters carelessly—and that reminds me: I misled you, in the last epistle I sent, when I told you that Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps were acting in the same show at the Madeleine. This was what I had understood, but—I understood wrongly. Sacha staged the revival of *Mozart*, in which his wife is now appearing, but always left the theatre when she arrived for rehearsals. Nevertheless, at the first performance he sent her a wonderful basket of flowers, and, in an article which he wrote for one of the leading "dailies" next day, cited a phrase that d'Annunzio once wrote to him about his father, Lucien Guitry, whom the great Italian poet greatly loved. To this phrase Sacha added: "*Ces mots, n'en pouvant écrire d'aussi beaux, je les lui* [in this case, Yvonne] *transmets aujourd'hui.*" He is certainly behaving like a perfect little gentleman, and at the time of writing no legal steps have yet been taken towards a divorce.

One of the first things I did on returning home was to sling Marcel Boulestin's "How to Make an Omelette" record on to the gramophone. Huge fun! Dear old Marcel's voice, with all its jolly little intonations, despite his mastery of the British "th" (you do trip up a little over the "buttaire," and "previously" is rather a pitfall, darling), explaining it all so vividly. Wonderful . . . and then, on the other side of the disc, the practical demonstration! It takes two biffs to break the first egg, and *doesn't* the walnut's-worth of "buttaire" sizzle nicely? Paddy was sitting near me while I listened, and I'm bothered if he didn't start wagging his tail and then sat up and begged! Of course, having lunched with Boulestin at Cap Breton this summer, he knows what to expect, and he had recognised the voice to begin with! So far as I can see, only one thing is lacking in this brave



"FLORELLE"

The now celebrated screen star heroine of three of Pabst's versions of "The Beggar's Opera," and who was to have been leading lady of the new revue at the Folies Bergère, where once she played only small parts. This may not be just yet, however, for "Florelle" has had a terrible motor accident and will be compelled to rest for many weeks



HELENA SCHELDER

A pretty little dancer who has made a definite hit in Paris at both the Empire and the Casino de Paris

attempt to bring the fine art of cooking a most delectable dish into English homes, and that is—the appetising smell of eggs and butter in the frying-pan! I wonder if this excellent idea of preaching and teaching one's pet theories by gramophone record will make much headway? It ought to, and I, personally, foresee great times.

The huge Salle Pleyel, with its seating capacity for 4000 spectators, was not quite so full as it might have been for Maurice Chevalier's one and only recital (given to raise funds for the dispensary he has founded), that took place yesterday evening. Nevertheless, he had a great reception, and looked very brown and fit, and was all that every *midinette* in the house hoped he would be. He was decidedly nervous at first, and this, of course, disarmed his unkindest critics—of whom he has, quite unfairly, many! I say "unfairly" because he is not responsible for some of the poor films in which he has appeared. Also, the "putting on side" and the "swollen-headedness" of which he has been accused are a good deal more the fault of his publicity agent than due to his own attitude. Poor old Maurice! Though he has never "high-hatted" me, I have often scolded him for his parsimonious little ways, and here again I may have been unjust, for I suppose that when one has known dire poverty, such as he did in his youth, one does not easily lose the habit of counting up every bawbee. Anyway, he makes up for his little economies by spending largely where this dispensary is concerned: hospitals and sichlike are expensive toys to run, as he is beginning to realise. But how necessary they are! . . . Since my return to town, I have heard of so many cases of misery and sickness amongst the profession! These are difficult times, Très Cher, alas!—PRISCILLA.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD AND LITTLE DICKY MOORE

The latest recruit to the film stage is an especial friend of Tallulah's, and she has practically appropriated him since he came to the Paramount Studios to appear with Marlene Dietrich in the "Blonde Venus," which is now about ready. Nora Swinburne, who is so famous on the legitimate stage, is the leading lady in the film of poor Edgar Wallace's thriller, "Whiteface," and Nancy Carroll's latest film is "Night after Night." She also started her career on the stage, and was at the New York Winter Garden Theatre



NORA SWINBURNE



NANCY CARROLL

BOTH SIDES OF THE IRISH SEA!



A CHRISTENING IN CO. DUBLIN

Poole, Dublin

A group taken at St. Anne's, Bishop Plunket's seat, near Dublin, after the christening of his first grandchild. The names are (left to right): Miss Hester Plunket, Mrs. Smyth, The Most Rev. the Hon. Benjamin Plunket, D.D., The Hon. Mrs. Benjamin Plunket, Mr. Benjamin Plunket, Viscount Milton and his fiancée, Miss Olive Plunket. Sitting: Mrs. David Plunket with her son, who was christened Simon Patrick Conyngham, and Mr. David Plunket



AT NEWBURY: CAPTAIN MARK WEYLAND AND LORD VALENTIA



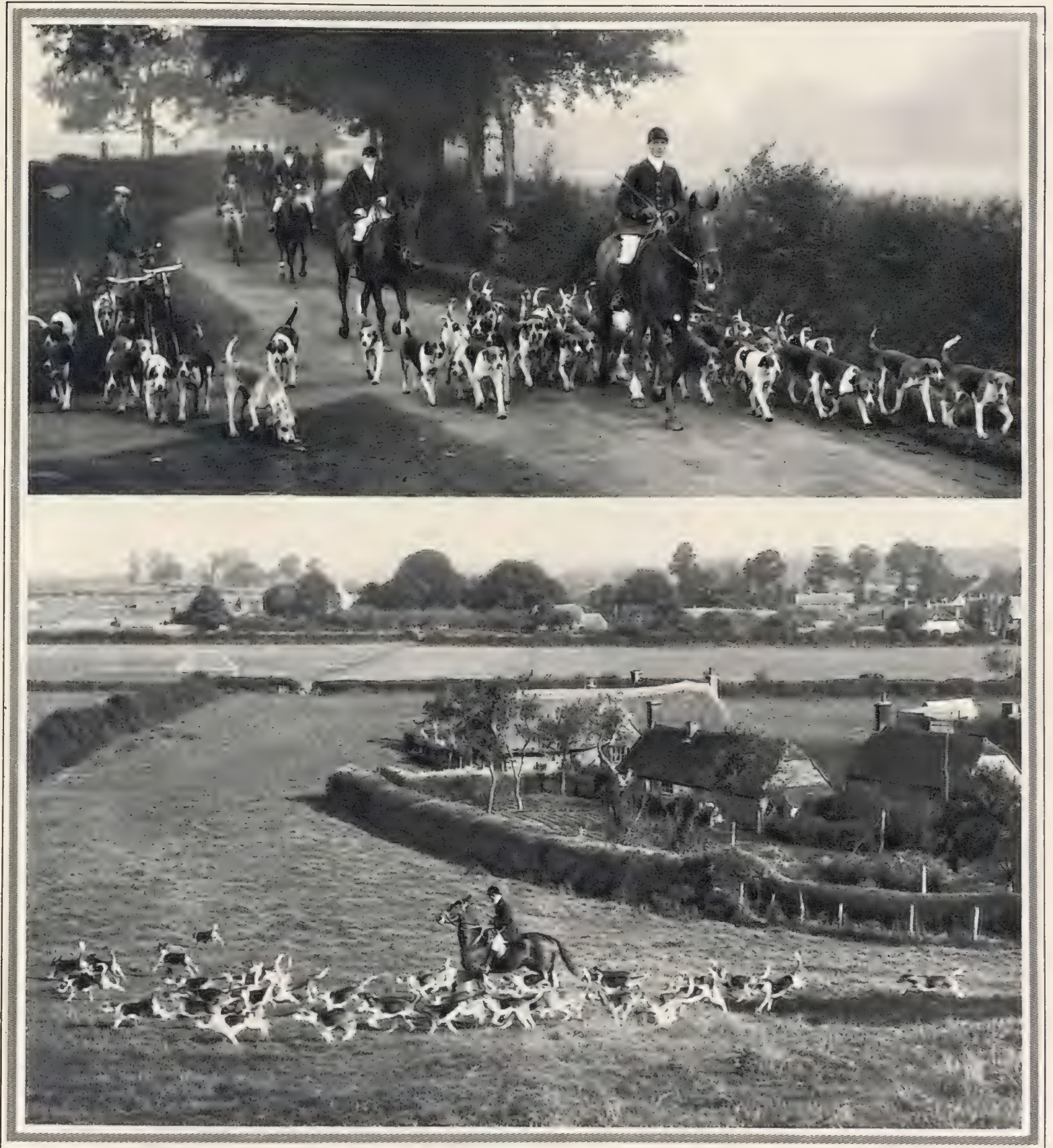
ALSO NEWBURY WAY: THE HON. SIR EUSTACE FIENNES AND MISS VILLIERS



AT THE KILKENNY SHOW: (L. to R.) THE EARL OF OSSORY, MR. J. W. E. JACKSON, M.F.H., LADY OSSORY AND MR. W. P. HANLEY

Bishop Plunket, ex-Lord Bishop of Co. Meath, is said to be the wealthiest Church dignitary in the kingdom. Mrs. David Plunket is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Archer, of Seaford, Sussex, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. George Hewson, D.L., Ennismore, Co. Kerry. Lord Milton's marriage to Miss Olive Plunket is expected to take place early in the New Year. Miss Hester Plunket is the elder daughter and Mrs. Smyth is an aunt of the Hon. Mrs. Benjamin Plunket. The christening took place at All Saints, Raheny, and the godfathers were Viscount Milton and Mr. Benjamin Plunket; the godmothers, the Countess of Iveagh, Mrs. William Lindsay and the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie. There was a bit more than a mere autumn nip in the air on Newbury Autumn Cup day, and winter coats were in evidence all round. Lord Valentia rarely misses a meeting, and is seen with one of the best-known personalities on the Turf, Captain Mark Weyland, who was born in 1860, and served with his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, in both the Boer and the Big War. The show at Kilkenny went off all right in spite of the general uneasiness in the country. Lord Ossory was president and Mr. Jackson, Master of the Bree Hounds, and Mr. Manley, the well-known trainer, were judging

"THIS ENGLAND": "THERE'S ONLY ONE CURE
FOR ALL MALADIES SURE!"



THE SOUTH BERKS (TOP) AND THE PORTMAN AT SHROTON

Cubbing will soon be merged into the real business, and though up to about mid-October operations are more or less strictly confined to rattling the young vulps about the coverts and dispersing the litters, they will soon be "letting 'em go" to teach the young entry to hunt their quarry at the gallop. The South Berks were snapshotted when they were at Bramley Green, which is on the edge of their country. The Portman were snapshotted on the Shroton Fair day. They hunt the cubs in the early dawn; then everyone adjourns to the swings and roundabouts at old Shroton Fair, a function which dates back to 1261. Captain the Hon. G. B. Portman and Captain W. P. Browne—an ex-joint Master—are now at the head of affairs in this country, in succession to Mr. W. W. B. Scott and Mr. H. R. Monro. Captain Browne is hunting the dog pack and the professional huntsman the bitches

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Mr. Coward's Annual

the last few years. *Words and Music* is a clever, witty, finely polished entertainment; but its topicality can be questioned because its author continues to tilt at phases that

belong to yesterday evening, when his was yet the younger generation. Let me, however, record the contents of Mr. Coward's Annual Revue for 1932 in their own order.

Opening chorus: Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies are again vigorous, well-picked pretties, but this time it is his nicely-named Dancing Boys that enthuse the number, with antics on a revolving stage, behind which their weird, elongated shadows are cast upon an all-grey backcloth.

"Débutantes": first appearance of three younglings, in this season's dresses but with 1930's layers of make-up. They tinkle about themselves in short, inoffensive song.

"Children's Hour": a nursery sketch in which the doll's-house is tenanted by cocktail ingredients, such accessories as olives being in the posterior of a rocking-horse. "What is child life like in Central Europe?" asks an English babe of an Austrian one. Suicide mania from sex obsessions is mentioned in answer; and the concerted song is about living dangerously, dangerously. Amusing satire; but anybody who has to deal with the young could tell Mr. Coward that they are moving away from the neuroses and posed sophistications of the nineteen-twenties.

"Children of the Ritz": a line of female sophisticates in black velvet, with long black cigarette-holders, fronted by Joyce Barbour in contrasted white, with a long white cigarette-holder, singing about how they are sleek and civilised, but fretfully surprised at the turn which has taken their cash and left them owing packets to Cartier, Molyneux and Elizabeth Arden. Effective and decorative; but at this stage such children of the Ritz are not high and dry—they have been swept away and sunk almost without trace.

"Mad Dogs and Englishmen (walk in the midday sun)": a vivid, Singapore-like scene showing Government House, the Anglo-Anglo Bank, Anglo inhabitants in topees, an Anglo missionary, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies as planters' pukka wives, and Mr. Cochran's Dancing Boys as natives. Brilliant, pungent, funny, and more than a bit cruel—

"No matter how much we sozzle and souse,
The sun never sets on Government House."

The three well-dressed débutantes again, unsmiling, almost expressionless, recording their petty years, swaying cocktail glasses,

A SHEET, facing us over the curtain, was scrawled with stray couplets from *Words and Music*; and a girl in the row behind, reading the lyrics, said she had never seen a Noel Coward revue that contained nothing about generations. Nor had I. And, looking backward, neither had I attended one that did not mention futility. Here, already before the curtain rose, the lyric-sheet proclaimed that a younger generation was knock, knock, knocking at the door. "Futility" arrived later: Mr. Coward's Children of the Ritz used it about themselves, and I seem to remember that his recurring débutantes used it as well.

The march of the generations is one of Mr. Coward's obsessions, and modernity's oh-hollow, hollow hollowness is another. Both the generations and the futilities have speeded up their march during



and chanting old stuff about flaming youth and how to get rid of the blues. (Note: here again, if Mr. Coward had time amid his world journeys to study the genus *débutante*, he would recognise that the latest specimen uses cocktails less than her forerunner did, and holds flaming youth to be as *démodé* as the forerunner held "old beans" to be.)

"Let's Say Good-bye": a slight, sentimental farewell before the steamer sails, rather stilted, but containing a dash of absinthe.

"The Hall of Fame": stunt celebrities made by the popular daily Press, singing of what publicity means to the teeming masses. A bull's-eye fired by burlesque at a reality as fantastic as itself. Excellent cameos by Romney Brent, Ivy St. Helier (as the oldest post-mistress in England), and Naomi Waters (as a prattling little dancer whose adventures in marriage with the peerage have been flung at an unenthusiastic world).

"Mad About the Boy": the lady, the street walker, the schoolgirl, and the servant admitting in song their several obsessions for a brittle film hero. Brilliant again, with warm pathos bubbling through the acid. Full marks to Doris Hare's servant and Joyce Barbour's lady (who has sleepless nights, although she knows the movie original to be cheap and stupid), and special honours to Nora Howard's schoolgirl, who holds up the show through pleasing so greatly.

"Journey's End": Mr. Sherriff's war play in the manner of *White Horse Inn*, with trimmings from *The Miracle*. Mr. Coward seldom gives us the obvious, but this is a quite ordinary extravaganza on two bygone productions that departed a year ago. Also, it will grate against many who experienced Mr. Sherriff's reality. But these, I suppose, have no more reason for resentment than have the film fans and other targets for revue.

"Housemaid's Knees": a slender, post-interval number by Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

"Fairy Whispers": a gramophone studio, with odds and ends of incongruous "artistes" prattling into the microphone as characters from the children's annuals. Amusing, but long drawn-out.

"Three White Feathers": a dancing star, waiting in the Mall, en route for Buckingham Palace and presentation. For once thrown out of poise, she waves to the crowd from her car, then snaps into correctitude for the Guardsman-husband she must not let down. Memories from childhood in a pawnbroker's shop—to-night it is three white feathers, but yesterday it was three brass balls. A lovely, excellently-written incident, with splendid performance in cameo by Doris Hare. (Note on an absurdly pedantic fact—Guards



RITA LYLE

IVY ST. HELIER, JOYCE BARBOUR

officers must retire from the terrific Brigade if they marry stage performers.)

Children of the Ritz again, still a bejewelled study in black, white, and cigarette-holders. Their self-indictment is now that they are mentally congealed lilies of the field, but gallant to the last, though their day is past.

The inevitable mock-ballet, cleverly invented and produced. A delicious scene in a club, where colonels, card-players, doormen and page-boy do their daily round in choreography. Dance in a babies' crèche also effective, that in a sea-side boarding-house less so through being reminiscent.

"Something to Do with Spring": a bucolic pastiche featuring Joyce Barbour, the Young Ladies and Dancing Boys, the apt observation that "everything that Nature does is somehow overdone," and remarks on the obscene behaviour of animals, which have drawn criticism, but which, to me, seemed mild and almost melancholy.

"The Wife of an Acrobat": Ivy St. Helier in a monologue which is good "theatre," but very sentimentalised.

"The Younger Generation": a mother being sedate before daughters (the three persistent *débutantes*), but throwing off matron's disguise when they have departed, and admitting the dear Dancing Boys one by one into her bedroom—these being the younger generation knock, knock, knocking. Ironical and all that; but faintly strained.

"Midnight Matinée": hilarious burlesque of one of those awful Society functions for charity, in which amateurs mince around as historical pieces. Ivy St. Helier good as the organiser, Romney Brent especially good as the announcer (who auctions an unwanted doll, and is left holding John the Baptist's head, carelessly left behind by Salome). The Joan of Arc, Lady Blessington, and Lady Godiva very effective; also the misdirected limelight, and the struggles of two ladies who are accidentally hauled into the air by wires. Superb farce-comedy, not so very

(Continued on page xxv i)



STEFFI DUNA



NORAH HOWARD, ROMNEY BRENT, DORIS HARE

CASTING BACK
IN SCOTLAND

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. IAN BULLOCH
WERE AT THE NORTHERN MEETING



MRS. PELHAM-BURN

Photographic echoes of the Northern Meeting at Inverness still continue to float south. The Hon. Mrs. Bulloch is the eldest daughter of Lord Hastings. She and her husband live in Chelsea. Mrs. Pelham-Burn, the wife of Brig. Gen. Henry Pelham-Burn, of Craigellachie Lodge, was Miss Katherine Staveley-Hill before her marriage. Lady Jane Combe's daughter and Sir Theodore Brinckman's son were also to be seen at Inverness



MISS JEAN COMBE AND HER COUSIN,
CAPTAIN NAPOLEON BRINCKMAN



MR. RONALD PELHAM-BURN AND MISS R. POPE

Naturally, tartans make the bravest show at Highland Gatherings, but for those not entitled to such enviable decorations, checks provide quite an adequate alternative. Both Miss Rachel Pope and Mr. Ronald Pelham-Burn favoured this sartorial effect at the Northern Meeting, and Mrs. Sopper's suiting made a distinct hit with its plain coat and bold facings to match the kilted skirt. Mrs. Sopper is the wife of Colonel Frank Sopper, who used to be in the Cavalry, and they have a place near Inverness



MRS. FRANK SOPPER



MARRIED IN PERTHSHIRE

Lieut. Commander Wolstan Weld-Forester, a nephew of Lord Forester, and his bride, Miss Anne Home-Drummond-Moray, who is a niece of Lord Kensington. They were married on September 27 in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, and the bride's parents entertained a large house-party at Abercairny, their residence near Crieff. Lieut. Commander Wolstan Weld-Forester is British Vice-Consul at Tangier



THE DÉBUTANTE WHO REFUSED TO MEET THE GOSSIP WRITER

By P. BELLEW



THE LAST C

By A. E. BES



AST CARAVAN

A. E. BESTALL



TRADE MARK

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

If yarns can yarn, there must be queer tales o' nights in a certain long, dim room in Scotland.

❏ Exotic cashmere telling of bleak mysterious uplands in Tibet, where only the hollow clang of a monastery bell disturbs the wandering herds.

❏ Honest, warm-hearted wool diffidently murmuring of sunny Australia . . . with interruptions by that polished but excitable South American, Alpaca!

❏ Subtle silk, dreaming of emperors, smiles inscrutably, but says nothing . . .

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DECIDEDLY DECORATIVE



LADY RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL

Lord Russell of Liverpool's attractive wife (of whom two portraits are shown here) is a daughter of the late Colonel P. C. H. Gordon, C.M.G. Her husband was in the Army up till 1929, subsequently becoming a Barrister of Gray's Inn. Bury Court, near Yapton, in Sussex, is where they live. Lord Russell's grandfather, the first Baron, was a noted figure in Liverpool journalism and a Member of Parliament for Glasgow



A HEAD STUDY OF LADY RUSSELL



MISS MARY BAILEY

Above is a new photograph of Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey's nineteen-year-old daughter, who has been the cause of several parties at 38, Bryanston Square, since she made her bow to Society in 1931. Miss Mary Bailey has two brothers and a sister, all younger than herself, as well as a grown-up half-brother and half-sister. Her mother, as all the world knows, is a very noted pilot, and had achieved fame in the air when most other women were still at the stand and stare stage. The Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., still flies constantly, but her intense dislike of self-advertisement in any form urges her to escape from the limelight of publicity whenever possible

Photographs by Bertram Park

NEWS IN VIEWS

At Home and Abroad

Miss Betty Hicks (see below) inherits much of the perennial charm of her parents, Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss. She had just taken a final sun-bath at Sir Keith and Lady Nuttall's bathing-hut at Cap d'Antibes when the camera discovered her



MISS ORIEL ROSS HAS HER HANDS FULL AT GREAT FOSTERS

Davis



MISS BETTY HICKS

The beautiful "Queen Catherine" of "Casanova," with the six Borzois members of the cast, pays a visit to the one-time home of Queen Elizabeth, now a popular social rendezvous



THE CHANCELLOR, THE POET, AND THE PRODIGY

The above photograph comes from Berlin, and shows Ruggiero Ricci, the famous child violinist, being greeted by Herr Von Papen, the German Chancellor (right), and Herr Gerhart Hauptmann, Germany's most distinguished living poet. The occasion was a recital given by Ricci, which many notabilities attended. In the picture on the right, the eldest daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak (Sir Charles and Lady Brooke) is seen with Mr. Max Ausnit, an exceedingly rich Rumanian, to whom she has just become engaged. The wedding is to take place early in the New Year. Miss Leonora Brooke came out in 1929, and is a very popular young lady



MISS LEONORA BROOKE AND HER RUMANIAN FIANCÉ

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happiness in every stride. Never
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Cantilever Store to:—
CANTILEVER LTD.
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In this diagram the solid outline indicates the sole of the Cantilever Shoe, the dotted line the sole of the ordinary shoe. See how comfortable Cantilever Shoe conforms to the natural, straight inner line of the foot and provides ample toe room where the ordinary shoe would force the big toe inwards to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes.

CANTILEVER SHOES

ARE BRITISH MADE



FINE FEATHERS AND FRANCES DEE

An attractive picture of the young film actress in a rig which very strongly suggests Minnehaha. Frances Dee is rightly adjudged one of the most beautiful young women on the screen stage, and is going up the ladder very fast

HE was a fussy little man, and throughout his voyage on the liner he bothered all the officials aboard just for the joy of talking to someone in uniform. One day he walked up to the captain importantly, and with subdued excitement showed him a bright screw he had picked up.

"I've just found this," he said. "I thought you might know where it belongs."

* * *

A telephone mechanic, when installing a new instrument, called up his wife as a test. Just when he was getting through a fierce storm was raging, and lightning struck the wire, hurling the operator, bruised and panting, into a corner. When he recovered, he said to his mate:

"The 'phone's O.K., Bill. That was my wife all right."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

The son of the house annoyed his father very much by taking up literature as a profession instead of going into the family business. In due course the young man produced a novel and sent a copy to his parent, in the hope that all would be forgiven and forgotten. Receiving no reply, the son called at his old home.

"Hallo," said his father, gruffly, looking up from his paper. "Many thanks for sending me the book."

"Oh—glad you liked it."

"Oh," was the response, "I didn't read it. But it keeps that wobbly bridge-table straight at last."

* * *

Young Ikey was an assistant in his father's barber's shop, and was expostulating with his parent over a cut in wages.

"But, father," he said, "I don't see why I should receive lower wages in the summer than in winter. People will come into the shop and get their hair cut just the same."

"Yeth, my son," was the reply, "but your work will be lighter. You will not have to help them on with their winter overcoats!"

* * *

Late one afternoon an insurance agent secured admittance to the office of a big business man by dint of perseverance.

"You ought to feel flattered, young man," said the business man. "Do you know, I have already refused to see five insurance agents to-day?"

"Yes, I know," replied the agent. "I'm all of them."

* * *

The political candidate was addressing his constituents, and, to make his speech more interesting, he was relating some of his experiences of bygone days.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am going to tax your memory—"

"Oh, snakes alive!" cried a man in agonised tones, getting up to leave the hall, "has it come to that now?"

* * *

Bobby, aged six, had just returned from school. "What did you learn to-day, Bobby?" asked his father.

"Grammar."

"What sort of grammar?"

"Well, Daddy, I learnt that cats and dogs are common hounds, but you and I are proper hounds."



Janet Jevons

OFF TO HOLLYWOOD: DIANA WYNYARD

One of a distinguished band of English artists detailed to appear in the film version of "Cavalcade," which is to be made in America. In addition to this very rising member of the stage's younger brigade are Ursula Jeans (who has got to put on 5lb. in weight because they say she is too slim), Frank Lawton and some others

THE DAYS



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MONDAY...All beginnings are important. How about telephoning to Elizabeth Arden, and making your appointments for those Ardena Baths all your friends have told you about, and that you were always meaning to take? Good, now that's done...what else are you going to do? Yes, give yourself your thorough Morning Treatment, and then, on your way...to that heavenly Bath that will steam all the acid out of your system and take two pounds off your weight!

TUESDAY...Don't you feel wonderful after that Bath of yesterday? But you can't have another today. You'll have to wait until tomorrow. Why not try something else? A regular campaign for the battle against time. The Vienna Mask...have you had one made yet? With all of its recent improvements, it has become a more marvelous treatment than ever. Here, in these days of doubtful value, lies a sound investment.

WEDNESDAY...What an inducement to get up and out...your Ardena Bath is waiting for you! You leave it lighter and cleaner within and without. How about a heavenly Tie-Up Treatment while you're in the Salon? You can fairly watch your chin go up and tired muscles disappear. There are so many lovely things to do with yourself...a week is so short...don't waste a day.

THURSDAY...No; no Bath, but you may have a lovely massage, and let the friendly insistence of the Giant Roller work on all those insidious rolls of fat that are so perceptible when dancing! The Bath has weakened them! And, oh, of course, a Treatment while you're there for the texture of your skin must not be neglected!

FRIDAY...Bath day again. You didn't realize, did you, how insidious that passion for those baths was going to be? That hour a day in the Salon has become a game. What are you going to win? Greater slenderness...fresher beauty...revived circulation...every card is a winning card in the game you are playing. Today you are trying an Egg-And-Oil Masque...what a revelation!

SATURDAY...It seems a pity the week is gone. The fascinating game of watching Time roll back is nearly over. Never mind...every week brings the renewal...fresh cards...and renewed winnings. Off to the Salon...another Vienna Mask Treatment...a glance at the latest, loveliest rouges...the decision to try a new one...and the thrill of another YOU...the same, yet different.

SUNDAY...The awakening...no salon to go to...but your own refreshing Home Treatment, learned in consultation with the Arden expert...and then time to think. And the joy of knowing that for you the past week has meant the clock set back...a week gained, not lost. Safe insurance for the wealth of Beauty which is your right in life.



THOMSON
RACING IN SCOTLAND: MISS BETSAN HORLICK
AND MISS COATS

Between races at Bogside, Ayrshire's contribution to the Scottish autumn racing season. Miss Betsan Horlick is the younger of Sir Ernest Horlick's two daughters, her elder sister being the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Legge, the wife of Commander the Hon. Humphrey Legge, Lord Dartmouth's younger brother

NO ONE can say that everything possible is not being done to make us forget that the Income-Tax garrotters have just fired their sighting shot for 1933, for Gandhi has ordered a new set of dentures, in spite of his doing so little in the way of chewing—and incidentally a dentist I happen to know says that he wishes there were a few more large-hearted men like the Mahatma about; an ex-hangman has laughed to scorn his own profession and cut his throat with a razor (what a nasty swipe in the eye for those who say that there is nothing so good as the long jump, not even the guillotine!); and Moina and Mok, the new "Zoo" chimps—and very pampered ones at that—have been given a private performance of *Congorilla*, "to see whether they recognise their own kind," to quote the publicity artist's own words.

But why *Congorilla*? Almost any old sex problem film surely would do.

I am all for kindness to dumb animals, but where Moina and Mok are concerned I think they are over-doing it. At one time all decent-minded monkeys used to be quite content with monkey-nuts, a few bananas and organ music by handle (not Handel)—but now look at the way they treat them! Irish stew and talkie films, knives and forks, and even trousers (of both sexes). It is this rotten craze for either levelling up or levelling down, instead of leaving things as they are. By the great god of war, there are enough people already who are the dead spit of Moina and Mok, without egging these poor things on to imitate the bad habits of their little cousins. I think these monks ought to have it explained to them, firmly but kindly, that they are just monks, and that their job in life does not go beyond that. Why try to delude the wretched animals into the belief that some day they may get a job as the alto or tenor soloist in a jazz band? It is encouraging them to live above their station.

Pictures in the Fire

We ought also in these unpleasant times of false values and hardly any money to be very grateful to Violet Hunt for putting the person who wrote "The Blessed Damozel" in the place in which, personally, I have ever thought he belongs, but have never had the moral courage to say as the authoress does and as Browning said about Rossetti, the painter of few—very few—pictures which mattered a tinker's malediction and even still fewer lines of verse. Violet Hunt's book, "The Wife of Rossetti: Her Life and Death" (The Bodley Head), and the revelations of how Madox Brown helped D. G. Rossetti to concoct a tale for the coroner's jury, are good reading for anyone who has no use at all for fictitious fame. Miss Hunt's book causes one furiously to think that "The Blessed Damozel" must, after all, have been Fanny Hughes of Wapping, who, from all accounts, would have set fire to "The Gold Bar of Heaven" if she had "leaned out" against it.

It suggests itself that Scotland Yard, in view of the fact that our home-made brew of bandit has taken over £120,000 worth out of the public this year so far as we have gone, might get a valuable wrinkle from General Wang, of Manchuria. The information is to this effect: "General Wang has undertaken to offer the brigands a 'free pardon,' and to employ them as a complete battalion in his regular forces, provided that the two captives are released unharmed." Why not make our bandits a sporting offer on similar lines? The only



THOMSON
Also:
THE MARCHIONESS OF
LINLITHGOW

Lady Linlithgow is a sister of Sir William Milner, who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his very distinguished father, Sir Frederick Milner, in 1931

troubles I foresee is this—that they would at once retort that the pay in the police would not come up to anything like the handsome figure already named. In any case, it seems as if the Inland Revenue people ought to get busy and take their 25 per cent. pound of flesh, plus any super-tax. The State coffers are still badly in need of money.

(Continued on p. xxii)



POOLE, DUBLIN
RACING IN IRELAND: LORD CHARLES
CAVENDISH AND MISS MORROUGH-RYAN

A Leopardstown echo. Lord Charles Cavendish, who is a younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, married that quite charming young lady, Miss Adèle Astaire. Miss Morrough-Ryan is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morrough-Ryan, of Dunboyne Castle, Co. Meath, and is very well known with the Meath hounds

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



OCTOBER, 1932

1st to the 10th inclusive

- | | |
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| <p>1st Pheasant shooting begins.
Racing. Alexandra Park, Thirsk and Phoenix Park; Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases.
Swimming. Essex County Championship Gala, Ilford.
Football. Qualifying Competition F.A. Cup 1st Round.</p> <p>2nd Summer Time ends.</p> <p>3rd Racing. Nottingham.
Trade Fair. Shoe and Leather, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament (Hard Courts) Bournemouth.</p> <p>4th Racing. Nottingham.
Shows. Fruit and Vegetable, Royal Horticultural Hall. Agricultural Fair, Ballinasloe, I.F.S.
Swimming. Otter S.C. Gala, Marshall Street, London.</p> <p>5th Racing. Chepstow, Pontefract and Curragh.
Shows. Agricultural Fair, Ballinasloe, I.F.S. Dog Show, Kennel Club; Crystal Palace. Grocers' Trade Exhibition, Swansea.
Swimming. A.S.A. Ladies' 150 yards backstroke, Middlesbrough.</p> <p>6th Racing. Chepstow, Pontefract and Curragh, Fontwell Park and Ludlow Steeplechases.</p> | <p>Fairs. Goose Fair, Nottingham.</p> <p>Shows. Kennel Club Dog Show, Crystal Palace. South Devon Cattle Show and Sale, Tolnes.</p> <p>Motoring. Paris Salon opens.</p> <p>7th Racing. Haydock Park. Ludlow and United Border Hunt. Steeplechases, Kelso.
Fairs. Goose Fair, Nottingham.</p> <p>8th Racing. Kempton Park, Haydock Park and Naas. Ludlow and United Border Hunt. Steeplechases, Kelso.
Greyhound Racing. St. Leger Final, Wembley.
Swimming. S.C.A.S.A. Inter County Championship, Croydon.
Fairs. Goose Fair, Nottingham.</p> <p>Motoring. Southport M.C. Race Meeting, Southport.</p> <p>Football. Qualifying Competition F.A. Amateur Cup 1st Round.</p> <p>Rugby. Warwickshire v. East Midlands, Coventry. Leicestershire v. North Midlands, Leicester.</p> <p>10th Racing. Ultoxeter Steeplechases.
Fairs. Statute Fair, Tewkesbury, Glos.</p> |
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PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART



AT RATCLIFFE AERODROME, LEICESTERSHIRE

Duke

This aerodrome is the largest private-owned one in the whole country, and also one of the best-found in every way. The hangars and other structures were at one time farm buildings. There is an up-to-date flood-light for use at night. The day the above group was taken, Mr. Lindsay Everard, the owner, had invited about a hundred people to lunch and tea, and in the afternoon a service was conducted in one of the hangars by the Reverend F. Beresford. Captain Guy Knight, Reverend F. Beresford, Mr. Hartley, Mrs. Beresford, Mr. Watson, Miss Muntz, Miss Barrington, Mr. Alan Muntz, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Wilson-Fox, Mr. Reiss, Mr. Watson, Mr. Sadler, Major Clarke, Mr. Symington, Mr. Gandar Dower, Mr. S. Brown (Secretary, Leicestershire Aero Club), Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., Mr. Winn (Chairman of the Leicestershire Club), Mr. Underwood, Mr. Sawday, Mr. W. D. Macpherson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bolton and others

Age and the Aeroplane.

SENESCENCE has been superannuated; old age has been obviated, and the human being now shares with the water-vole, the female plaice, the sea anemone, and the bath sponge (I take Dr. Bidder's authority for the bath sponge) the ability to remain sempiternally a stripling. The woman of fifty is in the perpetual condition of taking away the number she first thought of and arriving at the constant thirty; it is a case of the older the fewer, and slimmness goes hand in hand with seniority.

The theory canvassed by Shakespeare (I mean "Bill" Shakespeare, the well-known Stratford gamekeeper) that when we are old and rich we have neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty to make our riches pleasant has been definitely disproved. To sport with Amaryllis in the air is the occupation and pre-occupation of all ages and conditions. For it is now being clearly demonstrated at the flying-schools that age is no bar to an adequate command of air pilotage in all its forms. Many people who have started to fly at forty-five and fifty are showing themselves as skilful as those who started at seventeen. Often they start more slowly, but eventually they make better pilots—more dependable and safer pilots, that is; for there is still some difference of opinion upon what exactly constitutes good piloting. The older pilot will probably be less good at aerobatics, because he finds less pleasure in them, and therefore practises them less; but he will probably be much better at finding his way about the country. Instructors at some of the best flying-schools tell me that they prefer to teach pupils who are well past the thirty-five mark.

In the aeroplane itself, old age is also being successfully defeated. When one buys an aeroplane, one usually reckons depreciation at 33½%, but this is really no guide to the machine's actual life. After three years' use, a good British light aeroplane is in every way as sound as a new machine; it will differ from new machines only in that it will not incorporate the newest things in design. But the Certificate of Airworthiness guarantees its condition, and the flying qualities of the aircraft will not be impaired.

A Johannesburg Example.

One remarkable example of the hard work of which the modern British light aeroplane is capable has come to me from the Johannesburg Light 'Plane Club. This club had a Gipsy I. Moth presented to it by Lord Wakefield of Hythe, the actual handing-over ceremony being accomplished on Oct. 19, 1929. The machine was christened the "Sir Charles Wakefield." That machine has been flying for 33½ months, and the figures month by month repay study by all who are interested in the capabilities of modern machines. They give a total for the three months of 1929 of 171'40 hours; of 794'30 hours for the twelve months of 1930; of 901'30 hours for the twelve months of 1931; and of 392'30 hours for the seven months of 1932. The total for the 33½ months therefore comes to 2,260'10 hours. The average per month is 68 hours, and, if one takes the average speed at 75 miles an hour, the distance flown must be some 169,500 miles.

This Moth has been handled by *ab initio* pupils, and Mr. S. S. Halse, Captain of the Johannesburg Club, states that it has also been used for giving "joy-rides" to almost every class of people. The Johannesburg Moth, however, is not an isolated case. I frequently receive from clubs in England instances of the really hard wear which a light aeroplane will give. In Canada the oldest Puss Moth, CF-AGO, has flown 70,000 miles in two years, and carries on the sides of her cabin a kind of exterior log-book. Every time a new place is visited in this machine, the name is recorded on the side. The names now on the side of this machine show that it has visited the North American Continent fairly extensively, including Halifax, Vancouver, Los Angeles, Miami, and as far north as Swayza Lake and Chapleau, and as far south as New Orleans. Incidentally, this was the identical machine used by Mr. Nigel Norman when he visited the United States last year on his tour of inspection of aerodromes. Mr. Norman flew this Puss Moth right across the States to San Francisco and back to New York via Texas.

The aeroplane as a transport vehicle to a dance was probably not thus used for the first time for the Inverness Games, but it was a mighty convenient bus all the same.

(Continued on page XXV)



Andrew Paterson

BY AIR TO THE INVERNESS GATHERING

Some of the people who found the air the quickest and best way to get to the big dances which were such a prominent feature of the recent Inverness gathering. In this group are: Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell, Mr. Peter Blackburn, Miss Betty Constable-Maxwell, Mr. Basil Barr, Miss Ty MacRae, Miss Mary Cape, Miss Toby Cape, Captain Bryan Ramsey-Fairfax-Lucy, Mr. Balfour and Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton



The advertisement is divided into two main sections. The top left section shows two women from the waist down, wearing white, form-fitting girdles. They are standing on a dark surface, possibly a stage or a set of stairs. The woman on the left is seen from the back, with her hands on her hips, while the woman on the right is seen from the front, also with her hands on her hips. The top right section features the word 'KESTOS' in a large, stylized, outlined font. The bottom left section contains the text 'BRASSIÈRE AND GIRDLES' in a similar stylized font. The bottom right section shows a man in a dark tuxedo and a woman in a long, flowing white gown dancing together. The background is a solid dark color.

KESTOS CREATES AND REVEALS BEAUTY

The Kestos Brassière, with its unique crossway pull and uplift, gives a graciousness and youthfulness to the feminine figure which is particularly appealing under the lovely sheath-like gowns that deliberately accentuate the moulded line. Kestos also make girdles—subtly designed little garments

which emphasize the slenderness of the waist and effectively conceal all evidence of too exuberant curves.

This well-planned practical ensemble forms an ideal foundation for present-day modes and will impart an indefinable air of elegance and distinction to the wearer.

A large range of Kestos Girdles at various prices. Kestos Brassière, 30 ins. to 42 ins., prices 3/11 to 22/6. Sold everywhere.

Catalogue on request. Kestos Ltd., Maddox House, Regent St., London, W.1. (Wholesale only.)



By Appointment to
H.R.H The Prince of Wales.



Realising, as you must, that in these days to own a Morris is to own a strikingly beautiful car; realising that every feature of Morris construction is there only because it is *proved*: realising that there's little indeed Morris don't know about comfort and convenience . . . realising all this you'll discover also that when Morris talk of car value they mean something even bigger than that sadly overworked word is usually understood to convey.

The Morris range comprises 7 distinct chassis types and gives a choice of 21 body styles at prices ranging from £100—£350.



Remember, too, that Morris cars are just as happy overseas as on home service.
service advt. M.C.I.

MORRIS



Buy British and be proud of it.

MORRIS MOTORS LTD.
COWLEY . OXFORD

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON



THE MONMOUTHSHIRE TERRITORIAL OFFICERS' RIFLE SHOOT

Truman Howell

A group of competitors at the recent annual rifle shoot, which was fired at Monmouth Ranges and was won by the Officers of 2nd Battalion of the Monmouthshire Regiment

The names of those included in the picture are: Front row—Mr. C. Scott, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. L. Thomas, M.C., T.D. (Commanding 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment), Major J. E. C. Partridge secretary Monmouth T.A. Association, a former Army Rugby player and boxing champion), Colonel Blethyn Rees, O.B.E., T.D. (an ex-C.O. of the 1st Battalion), Colonel Wyndham Lewis, T.D. (Commanding 2nd Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment), Lieut.-Colonel H. C. R. Thompson, T.D. (an ex-C.O. of the 1st Battalion), Brig.-General C. S. Owen, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Colonel H. Appleby, M.C., T.D. (Commanding 83rd Field Brigade, R.A.)

Oleaginous

TWENTY-FOUR leading British manufacturers of motor-cars—and, by gosh, that is very nearly the whole lot of those that matter, for I find it hard to think of the names of more than a very few in addition—have recently set their names to a manifesto, the purpose of which is to encourage motorists in general to use only those lubricants which carry first-class reputable names and are “nationally advertised.” This is an A 1 good idea, and, seeing that I myself have always and consistently advocated the buying of the best (for, in the average case, any economy that can be effected by doing otherwise is very slight), I can hardly criticize it. And, in the main, one can be quite safe in assuming that the best-known is the best. But if the oil magnates will forgive me for touching the point, there is something distinctly humorous in the suggestion that volume of publicity must necessarily be connected with quality. That it is so, in many cases, cannot for a moment be denied. But there are, no doubt, many obstinate creatures who, knowing that excellent oils are quite commonly sold at very low bulk prices (which is no secret, anyhow), will object to paying for national-advertising campaigns from which their engines derive no direct benefit. And there will be others, too, who were not even aware that there were such things as cheap and nameless oils. Curiosity will now impel these to try them, and it is pretty certain that the salesmen will have specious arguments. In many car catalogues there is a phrase in the guarantee which runs as follows: “No guarantee is given in respect of defects caused by wear and tear, accident, misuse, or neglect which includes scoring and/or excessive wear of cylinders, crankshafts, and bearings due to the use of worn-out, dirty, or inferior oil.” From that it may be argued that dosing the “bull-gine” with cheap oil would invalidate the guarantee. But it does not really do so. Even nationally-advertised oil can become worn out, and it does not follow that low priced, non-descript lubricant is inevitably “inferior.” In case you might think that I am an *advocatus diaboli*, let me assure you that I take my own medicine. I always buy the best-proved oil, and Mrs. P. V. has had her economically-inclined mind moulded to the same policy. With the principle of the car-maker's manifesto I am in entire agreement, but it comes at not the best time and is calculated to give the wrong impression. As one

observed to me the other day, “Petrol up threepence, and now the car-manufacturers are trying to squash competition in oil! Where's it going to end?” Now, just as a matter of psychological interest this cheery fellow had *always* bought the brand of oil recommended on his sump filler-cap.

* * *

The Lights.

Just now a great controversy is raging round the question of “robot” signalling devices. I may as well say that I am all for them in almost any form, for the simple reason that mutts, who cannot master a plain gesture with the arm, appear to be reasonably capable of working a switch. So far as I am concerned, any signal is acceptable that is easy to give, that is readily visible, and that is also unmistakable in import. On these grounds I like the new Morris scheme, having had experience of it from both points of view. I have heard it strongly criticized on the score that it tends to make all drivers into self-appointed traffic-controllers; but, in this matter, how an excellent light-signal can differ from a bad hand-signal, I do not profess to understand. Also, whilst you can easily, especially in traffic, miss a sloppy hand movement, you can't miss a flashing lamp of definite tint. With those who say that five messages, viz. “turning left,” “turning right,” “bearing left,” “bearing right,” “going straight on,” are too many, I am inclined to agree. Three of them are refinements, but the point is that they need not be used. I judge that the average Morris owner will merely switch his little dash-board lever left or right when making turns, leaving his automatic stop-light to do the rest. Some of the purists are demanding “standardization” of signals. It is early days for that as yet. Let us find out which system works the best in practice. There are other things which are overdue for this process, such as the height of bumpers and tail lamps. I deucedly nearly crashed one wet night lately in a badly lit street because the essential ruby was on the roof of a van, about 12 ft. up in the air! Well, well, as to signalling, the Ministry of Transport will, probably, wisely watch and wait, allowing us to work out our own salvation, when it will be found, I believe, that there are as many ways of killing a given pig (or a bought one) as ever there were. And, by the way, when the M. of T. gets busy I hope it won't forget that even 8-wheel-braked trams and 4-wheel-braked buses are still without stop-lights. Isn't it marvellous?

(Continued on p. xx)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday



"They dragged her off and held her, spitting like a cat, while he wiped the blood off coolly"

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES

By
E. M. WINCH

THERE was nothing at all about Elise Payot to suggest her real profession, as she climbed up the gangway of the Channel steamer bound for England, struggling with the big bandbox that she carried, and with the long crêpe veil which billowed in the wind. Nothing that even the sharpest eyes could notice in her downcast demeanour, her pale, pretty face, her sad blue eyes. But that was hardly surprising, since the attention of three very cunning men had gone to devising that particular make-up for that especial journey.

Grugnon, who was better known to the criminal classes of Paris than the Arc de Triomphe, had chuckled as he inspected Elise.

"Marvellous!" he had pronounced it, revolving his big cigar between his blackened, pointed teeth, while the movement of his bulky body made the tilted bed-room chair creak. "That should pass. What have you done to your eyes?"

Elise, coolly lighting a cigarette that went badly with her make-up, laughed back.

"Rouge paste, rubbed well in. I am in great grief you see." Elise stuck out her pointed, provocative chin wickedly as she winked.

"The good bourgeoisie widow," agreed Grugnon, admiringly. Then his expression changed: he thrust his fat face forward until it nearly touched the actress's cheek. The words came slowly. "But, if you fail, I think you will have time to grieve!"

"I won't fail," said Elise, coolly.

Grugnon's right-hand man, Maurice, glanced at his watch.

"You should be off," he said. "Here's the box——"

That had been some hours ago in Paris. Now, as she came up the gangway, a conspicuous figure in her deep, Continental mourning, with its small, close-fitting veiled hat above the glinting auburn of her hair, a stray curl on the cheek, the big bandbox with its wooden battens swinging from one hand, Elise Payot felt confident. Her quick eyes had noted the sympathetic glances, the respectful manner of her fellow travellers. A young, pretty, very recent widow carrying a box marked "Flowers"—if only she might smoke! But that would not do.

"Here!" she pointed to one chair in the middle of a row; the blue-clad, sweating porter laid down two bags beside it. Elise set the bandbox neatly on top. She sat down and folded both black-gloved hands upon her lap, staring in a melancholy fashion out to sea. People passing, after one swift, curious glance, lowered their voices instinctively; people choosing chairs left a gap next hers; it was as though her grief formed an invisible wall between herself and all the world. A young man in flannels and a sweater was walking up and down the deck; Elise, with a furtive glance between her reddened eyelids, noted his face. Young, clean-shaven, sunburned, he might have been an artist; he was lavish with his money, she noticed, as he tipped the porter. A pity that she was otherwise engaged! He was the type she preferred; an amusing, clever face with eyes alert—young—free-spending; an ideal subject for one of those approaches which lead to friendship—and further. But now—

She shrugged her shoulders lightly under her well-cut black coat; another time, perhaps! She opened her black handbag and drew out a clean, folded handkerchief with an inch-wide border of black linen; the three in Paris had not overlooked such details. The clean wind blowing off the sea sent the handkerchief fluttering on to the deck, and the young man passing stopped and caught it before it flew through the rails.

So old a trick—and for once not done on purpose! A pity, again, thought Elise, as the man, with a jerky bow, restored the new, folded handkerchief in silence. As she took it, with lashes downcast on her pale, powder-whitened cheeks she thanked him demurely in a low, husky voice attuned to tears. If she had been permitted to smile, to flash her even, exquisite teeth between her red lips, she thought, she might have conquered in a second. As it was he did not look twice.

It piqued her: Elise Payot was not used to men who looked once only. She began, partly in revenge, partly in boredom, to play a little comedy. Her unpainted lips drooped; her eyes, opened widely to the sharp sea wind, began to water; she gulped and dabbed at her eyes lightly with the black-bordered handkerchief, a picture of beauty in distress. The young man glanced

(Continued on p. xxx)

THE NEW

SOVEREIGN SERVICE

TRAY CANTEEN

Services for four, six or eight persons
at one Sovereign per Service

As appealing as the lovely silver inside is this new and really useful canteen in Community Plate. The silverware is arranged on a removable pad, which fits easily into the sideboard drawer—convenient, compact and easily accessible. The top and bottom of the canteen form two handsome serving trays, in beautifully finished oak.

The canteen is ingeniously fitted to hold complete services for four to eight persons. This novel Add-a-Piece feature enables one to start with a service for four at the very modest price of five sovereigns and add further units from time to time at one sovereign per service, until the complete service for eight persons has been acquired. Obtainable in any of Community's five distinguished designs.

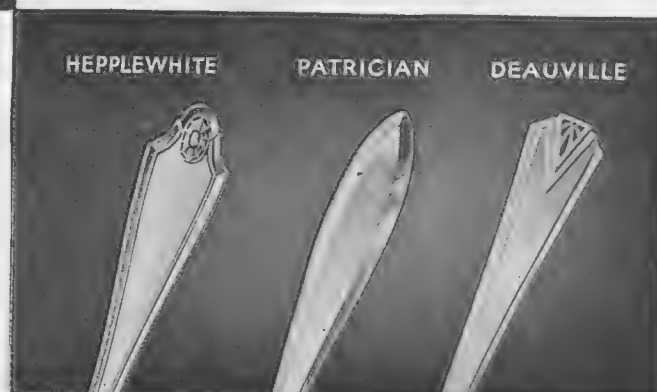
AT YOUR SILVERSMITHS

With Service for four	-	-	£5 0 0
" " " six	-	-	£7 0 0
" " " eight	-	-	£9 0 0

COMMUNITY PLATE

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"

BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.,
WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD.



EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Wanda Morgan, the former holder of the Close Championship (beaten by Miss Gourlay) with the Hon. Mrs. Wason, who was her first victim at Royal Ashdown Forest

her British Open title. Ashdown is a wholly entrancing spot, and if players were a little appalled at the hills in the early stages of the ten days there, they soon found that the bracing air of those parts and the excitement of the golf were taking them up the steepest slopes as though they were nothing. The kindness of everybody was past comprehension, and when competitors were beaten, or tired of trying to capture the N.P.F.A. cup round the men's course, they could always take refuge on those fascinating eighteen holes opened this summer and now forming the Royal Ashdown Forest Ladies' Golf Club. By the way, entrance fee for that club has been

Ashdown Forest has been the hub of the golfing universe these last few days, although there have been anxious thoughts cast westward where Miss Enid Wilson had qualified well up for the American Championship, and may, by the time this is in print, have added that to

Forest were, without exception, the most exciting it is possible to remember. Cheshire had no frights the first morning, when they beat Dorset 5 to 2, but Surrey had the most hair-raising time, getting home only by the odd match, and that at the 20th hole, against Norfolk. Cheshire were equally firm with Surrey in the afternoon, so firm that everybody said why on earth do they bother, when Mrs. Griffiths was seen limping on to the 20th hole against Miss Hamilton after Cheshire had already secured the odd match. As things turned out, however, that one match was enormously worth bothering about, because ties are decided on individual matches, and it came down to the margin of one win either way between Cheshire and Surrey. Cheshire took a 5 to 2 defeat the next morning from Norfolk. Surrey managed to beat Dorset 5 to 2, so there was only one match between them, Cheshire 13 and Surrey 12.

Everybody began to have wonderful theories that the young golfers, Miss Mary Beard and Miss Marjorie Kerr, for example, were the best able to tackle Ashdown Forest both from sheer youthful energy and from the greater elasticity of mind, which was quite ready to accept the entire naturalness of the course as right and proper instead of worrying because there were no conventional bunkers. Only Mrs. Macbeth and Miss Gourlay would upset such theories just when they seemed proven.

Never was a course in better condition nor members kinder; only the weather was vile. That little flaw, however, was removed on the first day of the championship, and one and all settled down to enjoy themselves and the glorious country.

There was nothing really thrilling that first day. Miss Diana Fishwick got revenge for last year on Mrs. Garon; Miss Mary Johnson, the Yorkshire champion, showed herself a very beautiful golfer; Miss Gourlay and Miss Corlett did all that was fitting that they should do; Miss Beard gave herself a bit of a fright; and Mrs. Macbeth, who did so well for Cheshire in the county finals, went out

to Surrey's 2nd captain-elect, and Miss Garnham very nearly followed suit. Otherwise nobody had any real frights, and the right people survived for the chilly second day.

The disappointment was the defeat of Miss Mary Johnson. Not that her victor, Miss Lulu Esmond, is not a good golfer, but Miss Johnson is very distinctly a better one; only the putts would not quite drop, and Miss Esmond had a wonderful power of recovery after playing the hole a good deal worse than Miss Johnson. It is distressing at the moment to see Miss Esmond with a kink, or rather a couple of hinges in her swing; but one hopes that the beautiful, natural rhythm which was once hers will be back before long. Lady Alness showed great fighting power against Miss Pearson, as did Mrs. Dobell against Miss Butler, but there was no denying Miss Morgan.

The Central England Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa can come in for only a very few words, but that does not mean that they were not an immense success. Though some of the best players were busy frying fish elsewhere, mostly—so far as the women were concerned—down at Ashdown, there was all the spice of an American entrant, Miss Grace Amory, competing with Captain Amcotts Wilson from Addington, and since this is a handicap event, every couple is just as good as every other, at least in theory. Actually Mrs. Edwards and Dr. Frazer Menzies turned out the best, beating Miss Diana Taylor and her brother 3 and 2 in the final.



Getting on with the job: Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Nancy Halstead wasted no time between shots during the Championship. The former beat the latter 5 and 3

suspended until the end of the year, and at four guineas subscription, or two guineas for the rest of this year, membership would seem not only a delightful but a cheap proposition.

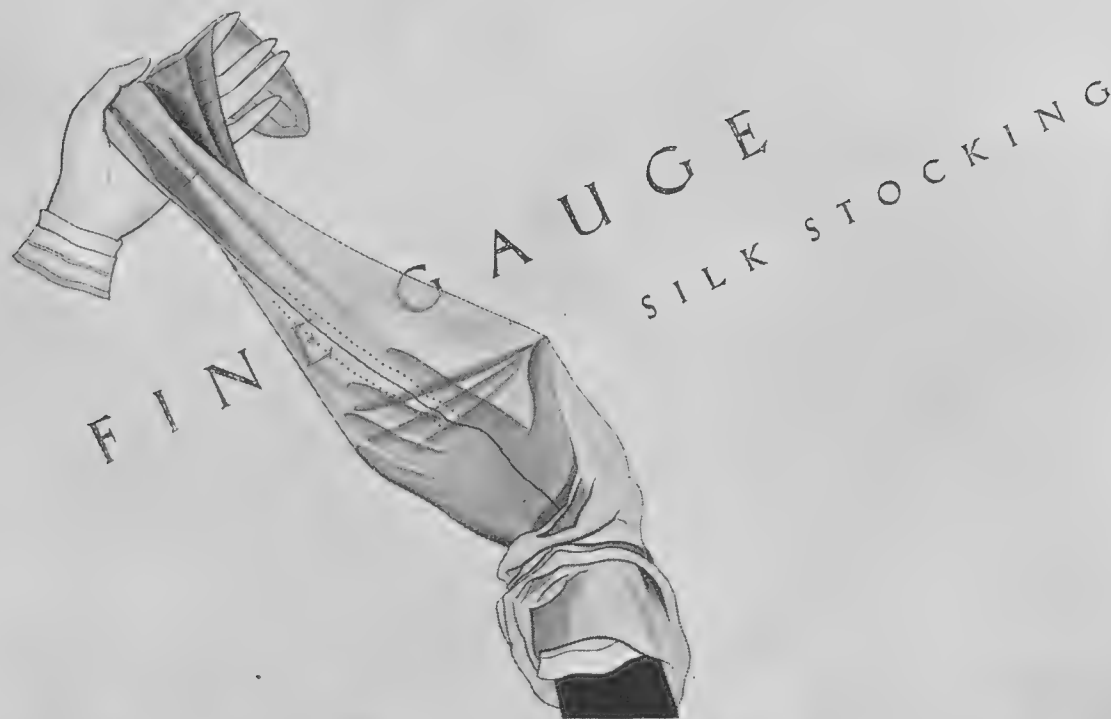
Cheshire are county champions again; and if the 1931 county finals played in the heat at Burnham were dull, the 1932 edition played in the wet at Royal Ashdown



Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Miss I. Skinner were first round opponents at Royal Ashdown Forest. Mrs. Hicks won 4 and 3

* * * Joy!

A LOVELY NEW



Aristoc

MADE IN ENGLAND

Why don't we make in England a fine gauge stocking like — ?
The old question, but a new answer. We do—now, and better. To women who wear Aristoc their very name will be their passport. Others, who always choose a very fine gauge will have them on sight, and find an English stocking they like that will not let them down. Months and months they have taken to perfect. On active service they have been tested and tried. Now you may have them in the shades you are wearing . . . 8/11.

All silk. Picot edged tops for extra elasticity. A silk reinforced top is an added safeguard against suspender strain. An unusual toe reinforcement strengthens a point of wear.



THE ARISTOCRAT OF FINE GAUGE SILK STOCKINGS

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*"It's a
gorgeous
frock, Wyn—
but on
a figure
like mine!"*



*"Not if you wear
a Figureform under it, Pam—"*



FITU A. 6141

An exquisite back-lacing Figureform for average figures. Designed to impart the slim, moulded hip-line and small waist now so essential under smart frocks. In handsome peach broché. Skillfully reinforced front, slightly raised for diaphragm control. Busk fastening, with plush pad beneath. Insets of knitted elastic top and bottom of front. Four suspenders. Fittings (waist) 23-32. Post free

69/6

I had just the same trouble when I wore ordinary corsets. My figure made even the most ravishing creations look positively frumpish, until my dressmaker persuaded me to wear a Fitu Figureform."

"I've heard of the Figureform, but I thought it was just another name for a corset."

"So did I, dear, until I wore one. But there's absolutely no comparison. You see, Fitu Figureforms are designed *actually-upon-the-living-figure!* That's why they impart natural gracefulness without unnatural restriction. But what converted me was the subtle way they subdue one's too ambitious curves so that the sheerest frock hangs without developing a wrinkle and bulge complex. And as for comfort . . . well it's like wearing nothing!"

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TRADE MARK

"THE NEW SECRET OF FIGURE BEAUTY"

Visit Derry & Toms for an expert fitting

At Derry & Toms (First Floor—the New Store) you will find just the Fitu Figureform to beautify your particular type of figure. No matter how difficult your figure problem, there is a Fitu Figureform that will solve it for you. A staff specially trained in the expert fitting of these new foundation garments and a suite of private fitting rooms are always at your service. If unable to call, please telephone Western 8181 or order by post, giving your correct waist, hip and bust measurements. Fitu Figureforms are made in Britain and are fully guaranteed by the makers.

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In Harris Tweed

BEAUTIFULLY cut coat with raglan sleeves, useful pockets and open vent at back. In a choice range of Autumn shades. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.S.

PRICE

£3 . 19 . 6

**ARMY
& NAVY**
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON S.W.1

Autumn Fashion Parades

reviewed

by

M.E. BROOKE

▲THESE simple net frocks from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1, are sure to have a great success. The one on the left is a study in oatmeal and geranium, and the other in mignonette and hydrangea shades



EXCLUSIVE PICTURE by BLAKE

The Highway of Fashion

By
M. E.
BROOKE

THE autumn modes portrayed in this portfolio of fashion have been carefully chosen from the collections in the London salons. Scotland is likewise represented. The prices that prevail are pleasant, and due thought has been given to the economic situation

A beret with a difference is seen above; it comes from Liberty's, Regent Street, and is expressed in a lovely shade of pastel pink velvet. It is also available in the whole gamut of dahlia and wine, some apparently softened with cream

HATS that are modish and becoming are introduced by Woollands, Knightsbridge. The model on the left at the top is of black felt reinforced with a veil strewn with black and white spots; the one below is of brown felt and shows a new "cockscorn" motif of petershim ribbon

BLACK and white flowers increase the charm of the black velvet beret-cap in the centre from Woollands. The simply draped velvet turban below, reinforced with a veil, comes from Liberty's. This firm likewise excel in felt hats for town and country wear in general





THE CHARNAUX BRASSIERE ARRIVES!

PHOTO: MAURICE BECK

A Brassiere has now been designed by the Charnaux Patent Corset Co. It is shown here worn in conjunction with the ever popular Charnaux Corset Belt. The Brassiere is also made from an Anotex product—the wonderful new material which is so remarkably cool and comfortable in wear. One of the great advantages of Charnaux is that they are unnoticeable under the thinnest of gowns. At all leading stores; the Brassiere at 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ guineas and the Corset Belt at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 guineas. British Patent Nos. 246532 and 257885. British Regd. Trade Mark No. 518026. Brassiere Brit. Des. Regtn. App. for. Charnaux British Patent No. 236510.

The Charnaux Patent Corset Co., Ltd. (Wholesale only), 27, Ridinghouse Street, W.1. Telephone: Museum 4604/5.



ON WITH

FROCKS of a new "smariness" appear in Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W., collection. Their simple models are excellent and so are the more sophisticated affairs that are destined to appear at formal functions. The seated figure is wearing a dress of delicately - shaded pastel - tinted damask brocade, the bustle bow being of orchid mauve velvet



THE "collection" at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, demonstrates that the autumn modes are studies in harmony and good taste. They give the impression that they have been selected for well-dressed women. The colour schemes have been carefully chosen. The model of the princess character portrayed above is carried out in black velvet relieved with vellum-tinted lace

PICTURES by BLAKE

The Dance

THE evening dress below comes from Harrods', Knightsbridge, collection, and is shown both with and without its decorative cape. In it heavy white crêpe and black velvet are cleverly united; the trimming and epaulette sleeves of seed pearls and black square sequins scintillate with every movement of the wearer; it has a decidedly slimming effect



IN order to increase the charm of the frock above, Fenwick's, 62, New Bond Street, have added an ostrich feather stole. It is carried out in pebble crêpe; the clever arrangement of the stripe is very distinctive

FASHIONABLE WINTER COATS



A TOLL has been levied on a new wool fabric enriched with fur for this winter coat from Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh, and although it is lined throughout the cost is merely eight guineas; it is available in a variety of colour schemes. This firm is responsible for the felt hat

It is in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor that this modish coat may be seen. In the grey fabricating medium a new darning weave is noticeable; it is trimmed with grey Indian lamb; the collar and vest may be arranged in a variety of ways; the belt is adjustable



PICTURES by BLAKE

WRAPS FOR DAY AND EVENING



THE markings of this ocelot fur coat are decidedly artistic and are in complete harmony with its tailored aspect. It comes from Percy Vickery, 233. Regent Street, W.1. Here is likewise to be seen a variety of short coatees and capes in short hair pelts

THIS evening coat from Corots, 33, Old Bond Street, is a study in white fur and black velvet. In these salons a simple arrangement for payment by instalments prevails, and the prices — well, they are exceptionally pleasant. There is a splendid assortment of evening dresses

For Restful Hours



FOR the trousseau Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1, propose these night-dresses. The model on the left is expressed in triple chiffon trimmed with gossamer-like lace to harmonize with the coat. The other is of washing satin with yoke and epaulette sleeves of lace outlined with "moss" ruching.

A new note is struck in these pyjama nighties by Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W.1; they are decorative and at the same time practical, are accompanied by a wrapper, and are available in a variety of colour schemes. Their companions of georgette and chiffon in these salons are unusually attractive.

Model by Asprey



TO GIVE EMPHASIS TO THE TRADITIONAL POISE OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN . . . TO SUGGEST THE ENCHANTMENT OF PARIS . . . ASPREY'S DESIGNER COMBINES THESE THINGS WITH SUBTLE SKILL IN HER NEW AUTUMN CREATIONS. THERE IS AN INSPIRED FRESHNESS ABOUT HER MODELS WHICH MAKES ASPREY'S COLLECTION THE MOST INTERESTING IN LONDON.

ASPREY
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ASPREY & CO., LTD., 165 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

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FOR SPORTS AND COUNTRY WEAR



▲ THERE is always something different to be encountered at Burberrys in the Haymarket; they are responsible for the coats and suit pictured on this page. On the left is an oil-dressed nappa leather coat with nutria collar; it is seen in conjunction with a tweed skirt and gaily-coloured pull-over. The figure in the centre is wearing a suit composed of a long coat and skirt; the latter is cleverly gores; it is built of tweed with a Saxony finish. The wrap coat on the right is of Cumberland tweed, which is worked in an extremely clever manner in an almost mosaic design. A feature is likewise made of outfits for riding, both astride and side saddle; and, of course, there is the side saddle Burberry, illustrations of which will gladly be sent on application

THE FABRIC
THE MODE
IS MADE OF



Photographed by Shaw Wildman, at the Berkeley Arms Hotel, Cranford.

'Viyella' is the fabric designers use, the fabric smart people choose! In all the newest designs—especially this season's self-stripe diagonals. This model in 'Viyella' is in the new brown, offset with white Royalist silk, and cleverly supports this season's button complex.

The finely pleated silk scarf collar, the wrap-over skirt and one-sided effect, are brilliant reflections of the mode. And so is 'Viyella'—the woollen that is seen from sun-up to sun-down in all the smart places in town!

• A WILLIAM HOLLINS FABRIC

'VIYELLA' Regd. STYLE FABRICS

'Viyella' for frocks: 4/11 a yard. 'Viyella' for lingerie: printed, 4/6 a yard, standard weight plain shades, mixtures and stripes, 3/6 a yard. All 31 inches wide.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., CASTLE BOULEVARD, NOTTINGHAM

• Ask your draper for a copy of a new book on Autumn styles entitled: 'WHAT TO WEAR' or send 9d. in stamps to cover cost and postage to address at left.

DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES

THESE pure silk scarves bear the name of Maccleboil. They are made of fine silk and the colours are fast; there are handkerchiefs to harmonize, indeed they are the best Macclesfield can make

STUDIES in black and white are the suède and leather bags on the left; they come from the gifts department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, and so do the striped jersey bag with scarf en suite



GLOVES are very important, therefore John Lewis and Co., Oxford Street, W.1, have increased the charm of this page with these accessories. The white suède gauntlet gloves at the top are stitched with black; white trims the black kid ones, while those at the base are made of white hogskin



ONCE a woman has worn a belt designed by Roussel—the great master corsetier of Paris—she becomes enthusiastic. She would not dream of wearing any other form of corset. For she has found, at last, comfort combined with elegance—perfect freedom of movement, yet a slim, willowy grace.

Since M. ROUSSEL undertakes a six months' guarantee and free adjustment service, to ensure perfect fitting, belts designed by Roussel are only obtainable at the Roussel Salons.

Prices. Hip-belts from 2 to 8 Gns.
Long-belts from 5 to 12 Gns.

On sale only at

J. Roussel
(of Paris)

177, Regent Street,
(Dept. E) W. 1

A Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue will be sent free on request.
BIRMINGHAM: 6, Midland Arcade MANCHESTER: 6, King St. PARIS: 166, B^d Haussmann

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

It is from Goringe's, in the Buckingham Palace Road, collection that the evening dress below has been chosen; its graceful lines are self-evident. The fabricating medium is dahlia red silk marocain, and with true artistic negligence a chou of lace is introduced on the corsage, an important feature of which is the twisted effect; a view of this is shown on the left. Also in the model department there is a very distinctive dress for seven guineas; it is of black lace with tucked insertions of georgette; the scheme is completed with a cape that is destined to be fastened on the right shoulder. There are dresses of the cross-over persuasion for the older woman for eight and a half guineas; they have cape coatees



THE autumn materials have rough surfaces and have been given amusing names, including crushed tissue paper, noughts and crosses, volcano lava, hammered metal. Furs are dyed wondrous colours, including ruby and sapphire, which are mingled with black as well as white



It may be unconsciously that Fashion as the seasons change adopts the colours that Nature assumes; this is what Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, 18, Brook Street, and 42, South Molton Street, declares. To-day the whole gamut of lovely russet brown shades, as well as dahlia nuances, are represented, also the colours that were worn by men during the eighteenth century. Another tint which Miss Barry likes is fragonard blue; it is perfectly delightful in alliance with a peculiar dahlia shade that seems to have been softened with cream. The jumper suit pictured above, in a new wool fabric, is as appropriate for town as for country wear. Touches of piqué give it an indelible cachet; the wrap coat is lined with curly lamb; it is as warm as it is light, while fur is used to trim tweed coats

Ell
Fulton



service advertising

W. & R. Jacob & Co., Ltd., are makers of the original and best Cream Crackers, also Marie, Puff Cracknels, Goldgrain, Jabisco Assorted, Chocolate Biscuits, and over 300 other varieties.

Jacob's Water Biscuits
have the *real*
nutty flavour—
the most delicious thing that ever happened

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream. You can get Jacob's at your own grocer's—High-Baked or ordinary. In Air-tight $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cartons and in tins of various sizes.

JACOB'S
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C A N D L E S A N D C O L O U R S C H E M E S

Modern hostesses have restored the candle in English homes. For the Nell Gwynn candles of to-day give more than the beauty of light. They give the beauty of rich colour and chaste design. In perfect harmony with fabrics and flowers, with porcelain and silver, Nell Gwynn candles bring distinction to decorative schemes—not merely in the evening but through all the hours of the day.

F I E L D ' S

Nell Gwynn
C A N D L E S

Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.
GIFT BOX containing Four 14 in. Candles and Four Candlesticks to match (as illustrated) costs only 5/-.

FREE: An interesting booklet on candles for lighting and decoration, illustrated in full colours, will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. Q, 2 London, S.E.1.



J. C. & J. FIELD LTD., EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. LONDON S.E.1

PULL-OVERS

GAILY
COLOURED

It is in the colour schemes of their wool pull-overs or jumpers, call them what you will, that Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, excel. In the lace stitch model on the left, autumn leaf fawns and browns are present; while the blue of the sky and the white of the clouds are noticeable in the "bolero" pull-over on the right below



THERE is a hint of Puritan neatness in the wool pull-over above from Harrods, Knightsbridge, although the colour scheme is decidedly modern. It is a glorious orange relieved with white collar and jabot; touches of white spring from the cuffs of the sleeves

INNES, Henderson have designed a series of interesting and original Braemar pull-overs and distributed them to outfitters of prestige. The model with revers on the right may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge; the colour scheme is russet brown and autumn leaf yellow





"Charmaine"

A dainty Dinner or Dance Gown for the average or full figure, in Silk Georgette and Fine Lace: the gown is lined throughout with georgette which shows to advantage the graceful fullness of the skirt. The well cut cape is a useful addition.

79/6
TWO PIECE

In Black, Beige, Green, Pansy and Red.

Sizes: S.W. to O.S., Hip 48 ins.

Illustrations of other Autumn Fashions on request.

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KIRA

The New English
Chiffon Silk Stocking

For the first time the exquisite "44 Fin" French Silk Stockings are now being made in England.

In everything but price, KIRA Chiffon Stockings are indistinguishable from the original French-made fine gauge stockings.

KIRA Chiffon Stockings, however, being of English manufacture, cost only 13/9d. per pair.

KIRA Chiffon Stockings are of such fineness, and elegance that they will please the most discriminating woman for evening wear.

KIRA Chiffon Stockings have the latest French heel, discreetly reinforced feet and the most slimming of clox.

KIRA Chiffon Stockings, of flawless workmanship, in all the latest shades, are obtainable from every fashion house of repute.

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NICHOLSON & HALL (1930) LTD.

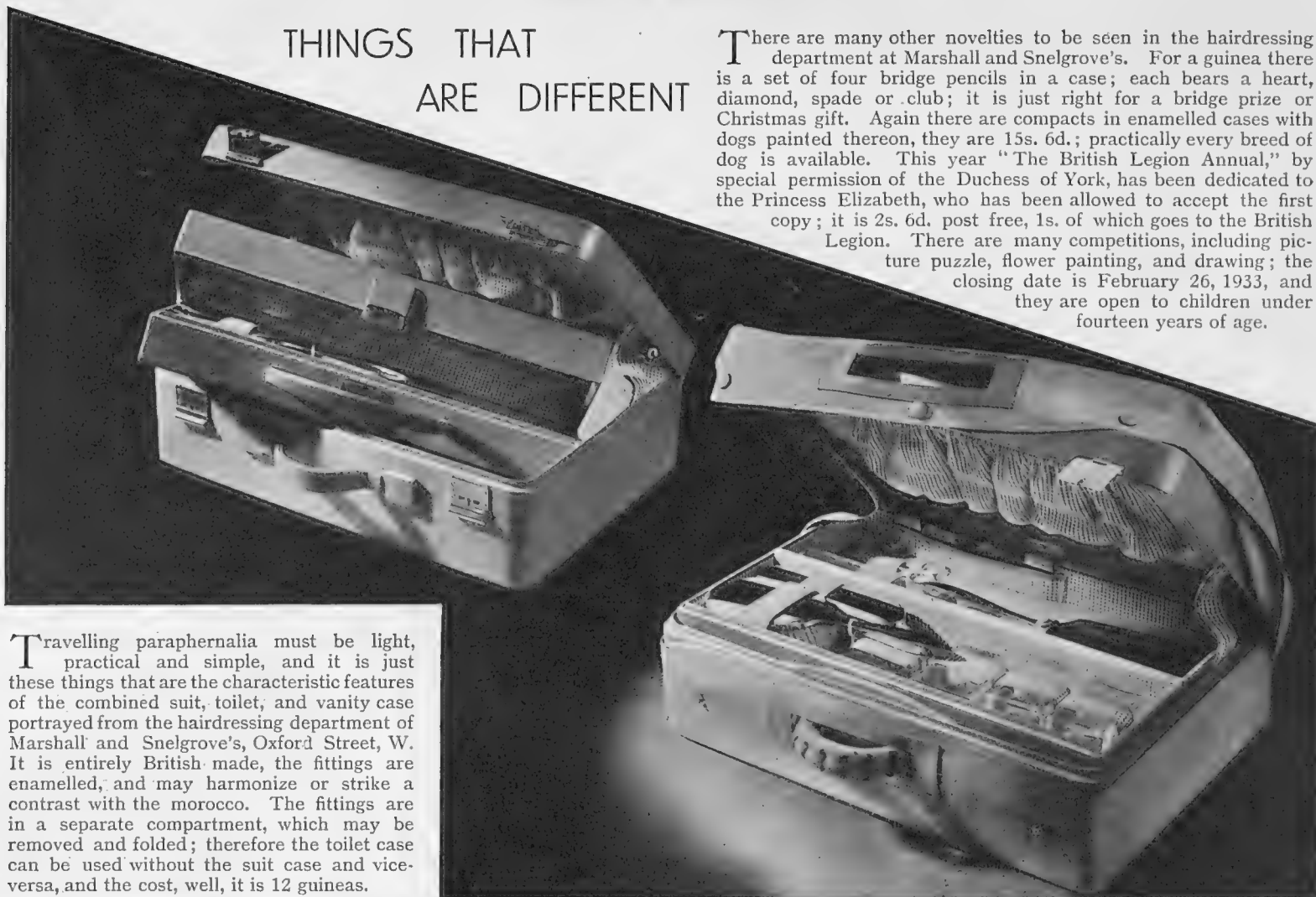
1 Little Love Lane, London, E.C.2.

(Established 1815)

BNH

Progress with experience.

THINGS THAT ARE DIFFERENT



Travelling paraphernalia must be light, practical and simple, and it is just these things that are the characteristic features of the combined suit, toilet, and vanity case portrayed from the hairdressing department of Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. It is entirely British made, the fittings are enamelled, and may harmonize or strike a contrast with the morocco. The fittings are in a separate compartment, which may be removed and folded; therefore the toilet case can be used without the suit case and vice-versa, and the cost, well, it is 12 guineas.

There are many other novelties to be seen in the hairdressing department at Marshall and Snelgrove's. For a guinea there is a set of four bridge pencils in a case; each bears a heart, diamond, spade or club; it is just right for a bridge prize or Christmas gift. Again there are compacts in enamelled cases with dogs painted thereon, they are 15s. 6d.; practically every breed of dog is available. This year "The British Legion Annual," by special permission of the Duchess of York, has been dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth, who has been allowed to accept the first copy; it is 2s. 6d. post free, 1s. of which goes to the British Legion. There are many competitions, including picture puzzle, flower painting, and drawing; the closing date is February 26, 1933, and they are open to children under fourteen years of age.



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LONDON.

Manufactory

The Royal Works

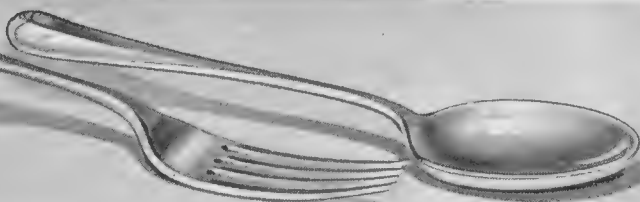
Sheffield

£25 Cabinet of PRINCE'S PLATE SPOONS FORKS & STAINLESS CUTLERY

Best London made fumed Oak Cabinet, conveniently fitted with 6 Table Spoons, 12 Soup Spoons, 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives, 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Game Carvers, 1 Sharpener, 12 pairs Fish Knives and Forks, 1 pair Fish Carvers. The Spoons and Forks are PRINCE'S PLATE (Rat-tail pattern), and the Cutlery is fitted with "Tusca" handles.

A Catalogue of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks, Cutlery and Household Plate will be sent by return of post.

* The Meat and Game Carvers are of hand-forged steel.



Two delightful examples of
Evening Gowns by Debenhams



This smart Gorgette Evening Dress features one of the new decolleté lines which is formed by petals of self material and finished with handsome diamanté brooch. The cleverly cut skirt falls in soft full lines from the hips. In black and colours.

10½ gns.



8½ gns.

Evening Ensemble in one of the Craquelé crêpes; the graceful lines are achieved by the shaped inset band, and gauged double bow which is also introduced on the detachable cape. In black and good colours.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W. 1

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Bertram Park

MISS JOYCE LINDSAY

The daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay, Royal Scots Greys, and the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay, and niece of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who is engaged to Mr. Martin Lindsay, Royal Scots Fusiliers, the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Lindsay, 2nd K.E.O. Gurkhas, and Mrs. Lindsay

the marriage of Mr. Ronald Crawford and Miss Isabel Herdman, which is to be at St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, Edinburgh.

This Month.

Mr. Brian Machen and Miss Veronica Whitwell, are being married on October 15, at St. Clement Danes, Strand; on the same day, Mr. William James Walter, B.M., is marrying Miss Clodagh Juliet Robertson, and the wedding is to be at Roslin Chapel, Edinburgh; Mr. A. M. T. Trubshawe, The Highland Light Infantry, and Miss Margaret McDougall, are being married at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford; the 20th is the date fixed for



Chapman, Swansea

MR. AND MRS. F. D. WILLIAMSON

Who were married recently at Swansea. Mr. Frank Douglas Williamson is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snaith Williamson of Dollis Hill Avenue, Finchley, N., and his wife was formerly Miss Doris Jane Molyneux, and is the only daughter of Alderman Sir Percy Molyneux, J.P., and Lady Molyneux of Swansea

Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant B. E. W. Logan, Royal Navy, of H.M.S. *Courageous*, the son of Sir Even and Lady Logan of Elm Park House, Elm Park Gardens, and Miss Mary Fass, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fass of Khartum, and lately of 19, Chelsea Park Gardens; Mr. Alan Stuart Hunt Chambre, the only son of Mr. C. B. M. and Mrs. Chambre of Hawthorn Hill, Co. Armagh, and Miss Violet Aileen Moorhead, the third daughter of Mr. Wickham and Mrs. Moorhead of Newry, Co. Down; Mr. James Thorburn Muirhead, Ceylon Irrigation Department, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Muirhead, Claremont, Claremont Road, Edinburgh, and Miss Cecelia Gerald, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brennan, Kenmare, King's Park Road, West Perth, Western Australia; Lieut.-Commander Alan M. Harris, the son of the late Mr. Charles Harris and Mrs. C. L. Harris, and Miss Noël Marian Rogers, the only surviving daughter of Lieut.-Col. H. S. Rogers, C.M.G., D.S.O., Royal Engineers (ret.), and Mrs. H. S. Rogers.



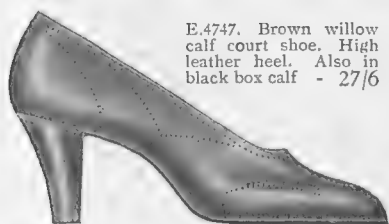
MRS. L. J. HENDERSON

Whose marriage took place last month to Mr. Leslie James Henderson, the younger son of the late Mr. Josiah Henderson and of Mrs. Henderson of Bangor, N. Ireland. Before her marriage she was Miss Nancy Mary Cridlan, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cridlan of Felden Park, Boxmoor, Herts

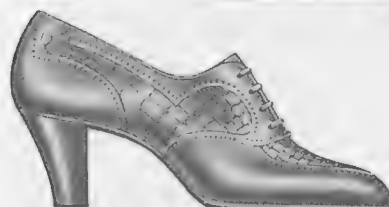
Marrying Abroad.

Early in November, Mr. Philip Sackville Wibmer and Miss Joy Neison are being married in Calcutta; the marriage is taking place shortly at Havana, Cuba, between Mr. Bruce Warren Jay-Smith, and Miss Jesse Deane Simmons; on October 29, Lieutenant Richard James Bailey, Royal Navy, of H.M.S. *Revenge*, is marrying Miss Rosemary Mitford at Holy Trinity, Sliema, Malta.

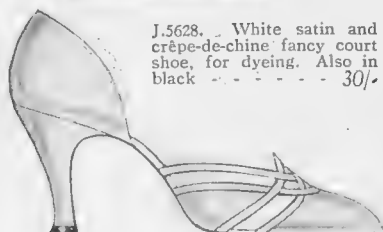
The PERFECT FINISH to the PERFECT ENSEMBLE



E.4747. Brown willow calf court shoe. High leather heel. Also in black box calf - 27/6

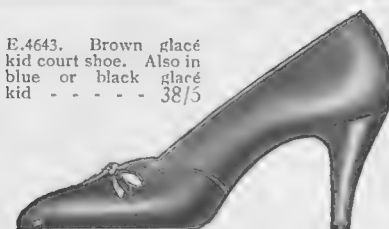


C.4798. Brown willow calf walking shoe with crocodile insertion 55/-



J.5628. White satin and crêpe-de-chine fancy court shoe, for dyeing. Also in black - 30/-

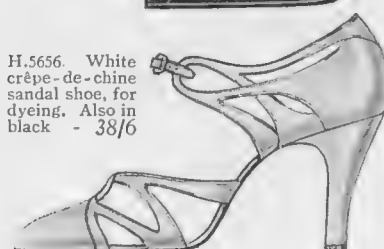
THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY LTD.



E.4643. Brown glaze kid court shoe. Also in blue or black glaze kid - 38/5



C.4718. Brown willow calf tie shoe, also in black box calf 35/-



H.5656. White crêpe-de-chine sandal shoe, for dyeing. Also in black - 38/6

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the Autumn Display of the London Shoe Company. If a visit is inconvenient let us send you sample shoes on approval, post free. Just tell us the size, style and colour required. Prices from 25/- to 63/-

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why Bradleys,
of course! They
use only the best skins,
they make the coats in
their own workrooms
at Chepstow Place
(they're beautifully
made), and they
certainly have the
smartest models.*



SEND A POST CARD for new forty-eight page **CATALOGUE OF FURS.** It includes the above Coat—Russian Ermine in the new “blue fox” and “raisin-brown” shades, at 179 guineas, and the Wrap, on the right, in White Russian Ermine and Fitch, at 28 guineas.

BRADLEYS LTD. :: CHEPSTOW PLACE :: W.2

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 39**Fine Affair.**

I have just been trying the "16" Wolseley, and am highly taken with it. It is a real motor-car in every sense of the term. As far as I can see it has everything on it that the most hyper-critical could desire, and

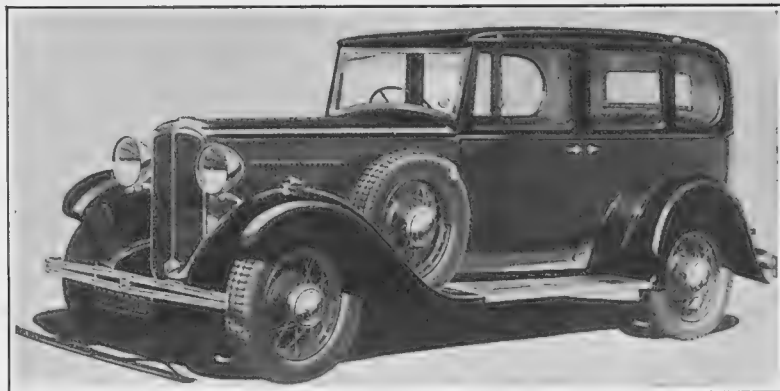


THE "ROYAL ENGINEER" RECORD BREAKER

The L.M.S. engine, which beat the flying "Royal Scot's" time to Coventry by 4 min., doing the 94½ miles in 83 min. The "Royal Engineer" hauled one of two recent excursion trains from Euston, and is seen as she entered Coventry station

everything "works" extraordinarily well. The first thing I look for in a car that pretends to be a good all-rounder is comfort. In this it is to be had in plenty. Loads of limb-room for five full-sizers—which would be impossible on a chassis of such moderate wheel-base, were it not for the forward engine position that Wolseley's pioneered last year. It is a splendid space-saving arrangement, and I can testify that

it does not interfere in the least with stability, for on my private test-course (which is by way of being a teaser) I got an average of over 47 m.p.h. without any straining. Very considerably over 60 m.p.h. is the top speed on the level, but what is more to the purpose, you can have 10 to 40 m.p.h. on top in twenty seconds, and zero to 40 m.p.h. through the gears in fifteen seconds. This, I may as well tell you, is pretty hot going. This Wolseley has numerous exclusive features, so many indeed that I should want a lot of space to specify them. Mention must be made of centre-seal pistons, hardened cylinder liners, overhead chain-driven camshaft, silent third 4-speed gear-box (it is a silent third, too), free wheel that can be nipped in and out in a trice, traffic indicators, Startex business all complete, illuminated name plate on the radiator—all sorts of other things—and the most powerful Lockheed brakes upon which I have ever trod. This is not only a comfortable car but a genuinely lively one, and its docility is answerable to its vigour. I tried it out under severe conditions, some of them very testing indeed, but I could not find a fault, except, perhaps, that the radiator kept a bit too cool for my liking. But that would be easily rectified. The Wolseley 16, in its own sphere, is every bit as good as the Hornet. Will that suffice? I think so.



A NEW HILLMAN

The new 1933 Wizard Saloon is very handsome and well equipped, and is available on either "65" (16-h.p.) or "75" (21-h.p.) chassis at £285

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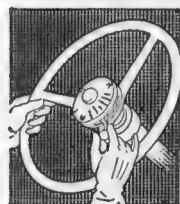
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ALL WITH SELF-CHANGING GEAR



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL on car with ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SELF-CHANGING GEAR-BOX WON THE BROOKLANDS MOUNTAIN RACE

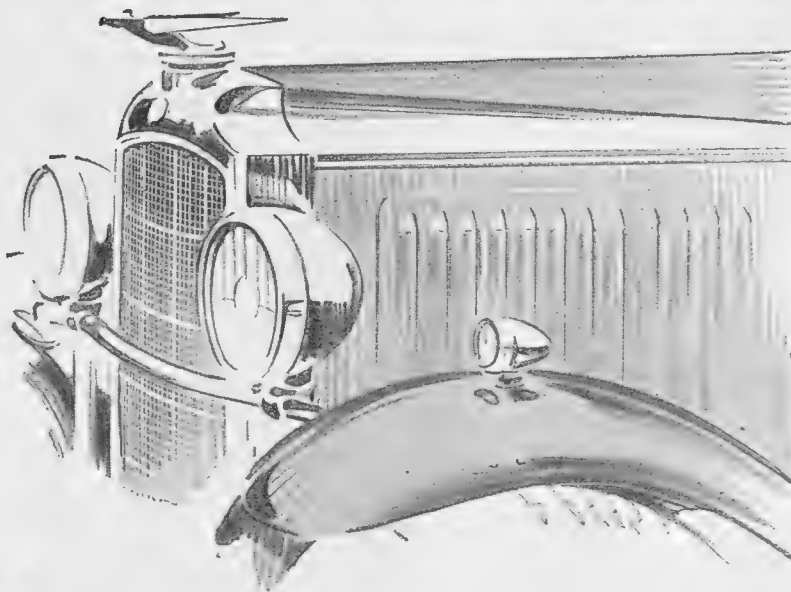
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The Self-Changing Gear is simple and silent to operate. Pre-select the gear—depress and release the pedal—and gear is changed without loss of speed. Complete control is brought to the fingertips.

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ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY
London: 10, Old Bond St., W.1 Manchester: 35, King St. West
Agents in all centres

You drive better than ever in this car



YOU yourself will notice, when you take the wheel of the 1933 Vauxhall Cadet, that your driving has improved. And why? Because the car is actually *helping* you. Your gear-changes are faultless because of the Synchro-Mesh gears. You can concentrate on the road because steering, acceleration, braking, all need a minimum of attention.

Improved carburation in this 1933 model gives smoother acceleration, sweeter performance, more miles to the gallon—a definite all-round improvement in engine efficiency. The appearance, always distinguished, is now further enhanced by improved body lines and chromium on the bonnet flutes, lamps and radiator guard.

Ask for a trial run, or write for catalogue, to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W. 9.

Note these 1933 features:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

screen, anti-dazzle dipping head-lights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

COMFORT and CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping wind-

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.



Take a trial run in the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 34

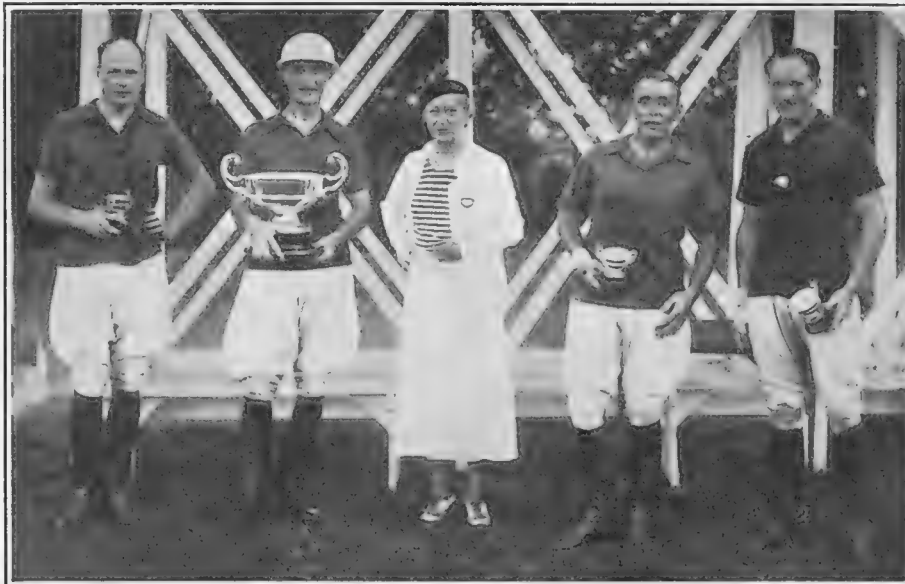
That full-blooded Irishman, Eamon, I see by the papers is frowning on both Rugger and Soccer, also cricket, and is rather inclined, so they say, to make the playing of them a penal offence because they are of English origin. If he is going to be consistent he will have to make fox-hunting a penal offence, because it was "practised" as early as the late thirteenth century in Yorkshire, in the Holderness country, under a Patent Roll of Edward I, so that must make it of an earlier origin than anything that happened in Kilkenny and Tipperary. Lord Castlehaven, in his history of the Irish Wars, says that in 1648 he was hunting in those parts as was his wont. Even if fox-hunting in Ireland dates back 200 years before Castlehaven's—and King Charles the First's—days, a fairly generous margin to allow, it would still be younger than it is in Yorkshire, since the Patent Roll to Adam de Everingham from Edward I, "to hunt the fox in the chaces and warren of Holderness," is dated 1279. So now how about it, Eamon me buck? You must put all people who hunt the fox in Ireland in gaol unless it is just schamin' ye are! and if you do, what kind of a bother are you asking for? During the last "Throuble" people used to go to the fixtures in their cars, carrying a couple of stout planks to enable the car to go over the trenches, which sometimes were dug across a road; but even then they never made hunting a criminal offence. It may be, and I think it very likely, that ever since there has been a horse and a hound fit to hunt a fox it was in Ireland that fox-hunting has

flourished, but a very exhaustive research has failed to discover to me an earlier record than some hounds in Kilkenny and Tipperary somewhere round about Derrynahinch, earlier than the times of Charles I. As a compromise, Eamon probably will decree that green coats must supersede pink. Even then we have him, for green coats (the Beaufort livery) are worn, and always have been, by the hunt servants in the Duke's country, and the Heythrop also, at one time a hunting ground of the Dukes of Beaufort.

Here is the record of a tiger someone would have liked to have shot! At Greegenbach's zoological depot in Berlin Nawab sat alert on his front pads, and stared at Vicki Bach with a look of sneering appraisement. A magnificent beast of five years, 15 ft. from nose to tail-tip, with a deep chest and shoulders like rounded promontories.

I think the novelist must have got a bit mixed up. Isn't it a mugger or crocodile he is after meaning? The record so far is only 11 ft. before skinning, and the "dressed" record 13 ft. 6 in. I feel certain that the author must have been thinking of either a croc. or perhaps a thing called a diplodocus. The latter was 90 ft. long, and the last time he was heard of was 100,000,000 years ago. It had teeth like lead-pencils and bow legs. In some of its descendants, who are now human beings, these characteristics are preserved.

What is the difference between "almost better" and "very nearly quite good?" These curate's-egg descriptions are very entangling. I do not think it is quite cricket to set the M.C.C. these puzzles when they have so many other things to think about.



THE "ENGLAND" POLO TEAM WIN AT BIARRITZ

The team which beat the "Spain" side in the final of the International Cup. The names in the picture are: Major Charles Gairdner (10th Hussars), Colonel O'Malley Keyes (late Master of the Tipperary), the Comtesse de Zogheb, Mr. Jack Robinson (late 4th Hussars), and Major Sydney Kennedy (13th/18th Hussars, and polo manager, Biarritz)



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A DECISION HAS BEEN REACHED

'Pros' and 'cons' have been weighed.... experience has had its say...and in the calm enjoyment of Player's, cool judgment suggests a satisfactory solution.

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100'S BOXES 4/8^d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6^d

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There is a certain cachet with everything bearing the name of this House, investing even the most simple purchase with the glamour of a great name.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S are ever alert in their search for novelties, notions and ideas, and most of the goods displayed in the showrooms are quite exclusive and are not to be obtained elsewhere.

ACABLE or telephone message from one of the world's fashion centres whispers of a change in the mode, and almost in the echo the new thought finds its practical interpretation in the salons of the House.

ABIG production staff is kept busy in order to maintain this individuality and also to ensure that costs are reduced to a minimum and intermediate profits eliminated. The personnel of our workrooms numbers over a thousand and includes artists, designers, skilled tailors, dressmakers, corsetieres, cutters and fitters.

WE aim to use only exclusive materials, and an inspection will reveal the great individuality of our stocks. In the Silk Salon, for instance, you will find the masterpieces of the great French Houses, of Bianchini and Rodier, side by side with the newest creations of Courtauld and the hand looms of Macclesfield. In the Woollen Fabric Department are the cream of the looms of Meyer and Gardiner, together with the most delightful Cumberland Tweeds and Homespun.

In every department the individuality of the Stocks will at once be made apparent to the visitor. The moderate prices will be a revelation in value.

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A New BRIDGE DRESS

in fine lace in contrasting colours. Copied in our own workrooms from an original Paris Model. Trimmed at waist line with velvet to tone.

*In Black|Beige,
Brown|Beige,
and Wine|Beige.*

STOCK SIZE

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Guineas.

*Large fittings 21/-
extra.*

*A Catalogue of the
New Modes sent free
on application.*

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The Kennel Club's Show takes place at the Crystal Palace the day these notes appear and the following day, October 6. The General Brace Classes will be judged on Wednesday, October 5 at 5.15. The various specials will be awarded on Thursday, October 6, beginning at 10 a.m. The Lonsdale Cups for the best dog and the best bitch in the show will be awarded about 3.30, while the judging for the Kennel Club Cup for the best exhibit will take place about 4.30. No one interested in dogs should miss this show, which is the premier dog show of the world, while a visit to an exhibition of this magnitude is an eye-opener to the rather large class of people who still exist who look upon dogs and dog-showing as a pastime for the rich, and an occupation for spinster ladies, not realizing that it is one of the major industries of the country. These people will be amazed both at the quantity and quality of the exhibits.

One of the things that opinions vary in is the age at which it is best to introduce a dog into the family. Some like one ready-made, so to speak,



SCHNAUZER PUPPIES—The property of Mrs. Leland

and then others prefer to get a young pup. There is much to be said for both these ways, but there is no doubt that given time and accommodation it is very satisfactory to start with a young puppy. An opportunity for this occurs this week, as all the pictures sent in are



DANDIE PUPS—The property of Mrs. Carlyle

schnauzer puppies. She has a family for sale, better ones than these, over two months old, strong and healthy, and very well bred.

It is right that romantic associations should cling round the dandie; his appearance is romantic, his appealing eyes and expression would melt the hardest heart, and the fact that this appealingness covers one of the gamest spirits living is all in his favour. The dandie at present is very popular, and no wonder.

Mrs. Carlyle's dandies are well known to us. She sends a picture of a family of eight, two months old, all pepper. Several are for sale, also she has six months old dogs for sale. All are hardy and healthy.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



IRISH WOLFHOUND PUP—The property of Miss Gardner

of puppies. To begin with the biggest, Miss Gardner sends a wonderful snapshot of an Irish wolfhound puppy, nineteen days old. It is very unusual to get a photograph of such a young puppy standing up on its feet. Miss Gardner wishes to sell his brother and sister; they are, of course, much older now. Miss Gardner says: "Both parents are house companions, and are very intelligent and sweet-tempered; it is the mother in the background."

The schnauzer has "caught on" in this country. It is only a few years since he was first introduced, now he is seen about; and has well-filled classes at most shows. He is an excellent guard and watchdog, but not quarrelsome. Mrs. Leland sends a picture of some

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MADEIRA, WEST INDIES and NORTH AFRICA from Liverpool Jan. 26th—39 days.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE CRUISE TO MADEIRA. "BERENGARIA." Dec. 28th—6 days from 11 gns.

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knitted cardigan, trimmed
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buckle - - - 29/11
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cap, 6/11 lace wool scarf, 5/11

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same price.

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OSTRICH feathers are the vogue, and this charming Cape of chiffon velvet adopts them at neck and border. Lined with Jap silk: in black and the newest shades. 59/6

THIS Cross-over Coatee of finest chiffon velvet has a deep pouched sleeve and a becoming gauged collar. Black/white, green/cream, blue/silver grey, marron/oyster, wine/oyster.

79/6

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OXFORD CIRCUS, REGENT STREET, W.1



A STYLISH SEAL MUSQUASH COAT designed on original lines, 50 ins. long; with new shape scarf-collar of pure white Russian ermine, and lined with rich black satin beauté. Can be worn either with or without belt. PRICE £89

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OXFORD CIRCUS, REGENT ST., W.1.

Entertainments a la Carte—cont. from 23

distant from the truth.

Still yet again the three débutantes (by now the three drearies) still yet again announcing without a smile their tepid sorrows.

"The Party's Over Now": by way of finale, the guests at a dance descend into the street, quarrel, kiss without desire, call taxis, and vanish. Oh, hollow, hollow, hollow. Decorative, and in the right mood for rounding it all off, but without the flash of inspiration in stage-craft usual to Mr. Coward.

That last observation can explain the special attitude of audiences for shows by Noel Coward. They expect (and obtain) higher quality than they receive elsewhere, and are, therefore, more critical. *Words and Music*, if concocted by a mass meeting of writers and producers for somebody other than Mr. Charles Cochran, would seem the last word in clever revues. Recall, however, that earlier Coward-Cochran combination, *This Year of Grace* (probably the best revue done in England since the War), and the brilliance dims through comparison.

Meanwhile, this entertainment remains in a class of its own as the wittiest and liveliest now to be seen in London. Its only demerit of consequence is that it reflects in spirit much that its author-composer-producer

(London's Noel is too, too protean) has done in earlier years. The outstanding merits are legion. It is not only intelligent, but human enough to please the multitude. Its satire is barbed but surely comic. Its lines and lyrics are well written and (what is much rarer) are heard with ease through tunes that fit them like a glove (as against this, the music's tempo shows a certain sameness during the show's three hours). Its pace is exactly timed, its unity has the sense of style associated with Mr. Cochran as impresario. And its youngish, well-chosen cast are first-rate in a medium that, while never straining their talents, exploits their material to the available limit.

Two or three stars of the future will emerge from *Words and Music*. Doris Hare should be one of them. Romney Brent, the new light

comedian, is a probability and Steffi Duna (who can say much without speaking) a possibility. Joyce Barbour and Ivy St. Helier extend their known reputations. The case of Norah Howard's "discovery" is amusing. She was hailed, because of her part as a schoolgirl, as a new young marvel. Miss Howard is actually an actress with much experience who played, only the other day, a mature rôle in *Party*. She deserves, however, all the praise lavished on her rendering of an adolescent, and may now have her overdue chance for leads in comedy. The laurels remain, despite an error akin to that of engaging young mutton being mistaken for spring lamb.—A.B.



THE OLD PAULINES RUGGER XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which was decisively beaten by the Old Blues, whose picture appears on the Rugger page in this issue, in the recent match at Thames Ditton. The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—A. Hylton Cleaves (hon. secretary), J. P. R. Brydone, E. T. Killick, K. M. Jobson-Scott, L. H. Cohen, R. T. Leslie, F. M. Wiseman, M. Peiwei, J. B. MacLean, and J. Farrell (hon. treasurer); seated—E. A. Low, C. G. Gwynn, S. M. Mischler, R. Klemin (captain), R. E. Wise (vice-captain), R. M. Marsh, and R. W. Bailly

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No better game than Golf
and no better whisky than
KING GEORGE IV
ever came out of Scotland

LLAMOVEL, the most luxurious of all pile-fabrics and used exclusively for RODEX Coats, is a superfine material, feather-light and lustrous. Of pure undyed Llama hair, its pile is close and even, with a texture so supple that it tailors to perfection on slender, shapely lines. You may know that among pile fabric coats there is no handsomer material; for RODEX Coats are in every way as near perfection as skilled craftsmen can build them... created and cut with that particular flair which makes the English-woman's Country clothes the envy of the world. From all good Fashion Shops and Stores.



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WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

royds



MISS MIMI CRAWFORD,

who enacts the role of "The Dancer," in "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's Theatre, writes:—

"I ALWAYS feel that I am at my best after taking Phosferine, thanks to the thoroughly 'restful' effect it has on my nerves. Ever since the day I first thought of using it to restore my vitality, I have never experienced any of the usual nervy, anxious, run-down feeling which so mars one's appearance. In fact, taken just before a show, Phosferine gives freshness and 'go' to do the 'little bit more' so often expected. Few people are equal to that *extra effort*—it 'gets one down,' but I know Phosferine is the 'extra' tonic that soon 'picks one up'! I am quite sure anyone who has to work early and late, like myself, will find Phosferine makes work brighter, easier, and less fatiguing."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists,

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 36

Height Record.

The height record made by Mr. C. Uwins in the Vickers Vespa with Bristol Pegasus engine has been officially recorded at 43,976 ft., which beats the previous American record held by Lieutenant Soucek by an adequate margin to enable it to stand as the world's record. Behind this record there is a fascinating history of two great aero-engine firms and their chief designers engaging in friendly rivalry as to the best aero-engine cooling principle for service type machines. Mr. Roy Fedden, of the Bristol Company, who is recognized throughout the industry as one of the greatest living aero-engine designers, has always placed his faith in the air-cooled principle. He has admitted that for sheer speed the water-cooled engine is the more likely to succeed; but he has held that many service types demand high-flying qualities before speed, and that for this purpose the air-cooled engine can do as well, if not better, than any other.

Mr. Fedden's arguments were always countered by the question, "If the air-cooled engine can indeed do so well in high flying, why is it that it has not proved it?" Now the air-cooled engine has proved it in a most brilliant manner. The Bristol Pegasus, which is designed to take the Townend ring, a device which reduces the drag caused by the exposed air-cooled radial cylinders, ran perfectly during Mr. Uwins' flight. It is a standard engine except for the supercharger, which is larger than normal. Perhaps, now, the air-cooled water-cooled engine controversy may be said to have been settled with honours even . . . yet somehow I think that it is *not* settled, and that we may yet see further developments in this stimulating rivalry.



A HUMBER-HILLMAN CELEBRATION AT COVENTRY

A group of personalities at the recent function held at Coventry by the Humber-Hillman companies to announce their new programme. From left to right: Sir George May (a director of the British Overseas Bank), Mr. R. C. and Mr. W. E. Rootes, Sir Henry Birkin (so famous in the motor racing world), and one of the new Aero Minx Saloons

One More Record.

But whether the exponents of air and of water cooling again join issue or not, Great Britain has achieved another world's air record in the group of absolute records, which are the ones best worth having. She now holds the speed record with 407½ m.p.h. attained by Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth in his Rolls-Royce engine S6B, and the height record attained by Mr. C. Uwins in his Bristol Pegasus-engined Vickers Vespa. It remains for the attempt that is being prepared to attack the world's distance record to succeed, and Great Britain will hold a unique position among the countries of the world in aviation records.

The Prince of Wales, after he had flown to Copenhagen in one of the Handley Page 42's the other day, emphasized the success that had attended the efforts of British engineers in the attainment of these records.

Commercial Flying Courses.

Owing to the large number of applications received by Air Service Training, Limited, of Hamble, from candidates who want to take the three-years' course for commercial pilots, it has been decided to run this course by terms. In future, therefore, pupils for the course will be accepted only in September and February of each year. At the end of their training pupils should be in possession of "A" and "B" pilots' licences, blind-flying certificate, 2nd class navigators' certificate, "A" and "C" ground engineers' licences, and "X" ground engineers' licences for parachutes and compasses.

Hillman Air Pageant.

I shall hope to deal extensively with the Hillman Air Pageant at Romford in a future issue. Here all that can be done is to signalize that it took place according to plan.

FACIAL REJUVENATION

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HYSTOGEN · DERMA · PROCESS

which supersedes all other forms of treating the face and succeeds where all other methods have failed.



Extracts from articles written by well-known people who investigated the Hystogen · Derma · Process:—

LADY MAUD WARRENDER: "A Woman's Dearest Wish Fulfilled." "What surprised me equally was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured it remains."

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GILBERT FRANKAU: "Watching a Miracle." "Had I not seen the miracle done I should never have consented to subscribe this testimony."

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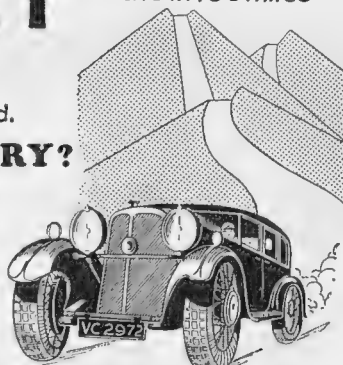
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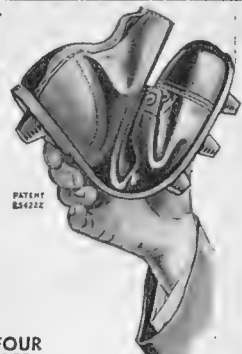
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We All Make Mistakes—continued from p. 40

once, pityingly, then looked hurriedly away. Elise dabbed her eyes again, then she fell back against her chair and closed her eyes; when she opened them languidly the young man was standing by her chair.

"Can—can I do anything? Are you feeling faint?" he asked with a distant and respectful kindness, in English.

Elise replied in the same language, with the most fascinating twist of accent.

"Thank you, monsieur, if you would be so kind," she murmured in that husky, softened tone. "A glass of water. This motion —"

There was very little, the sea was lightly ruffled, nothing more, but any woman may be allowed to feel the effect of a sea journey.

"Of course." The young man hurried off. Would he come back, bring water, Elise wondered, or would he send a steward? Her *gamin* mind hoped that he would bring it himself; if she might not flirt, woo, do good business, at least she might find some distraction in watching this man succumb to the attractions of her beauty. If she might not encourage, she might at least enjoy her small success.

"Madame —," he was back, the glass of water in his hand. Elise put out hers, and the black-gloved fingers brushed the bare, brown ones slightly as she took it, but for once she did not allow the contact to carry meaning.

"Thank you, so much," As she drank, the handkerchief that was lying, crumpled now, upon her knee blew off; he used the chance she had left him, and ran after it. As he came back she saw his eyes examining it closely. For a name? Well, he would find none. A new handkerchief; a recent widow would not have time to mark her linen, her new mourning linen, the three in Paris had decided. Only Elise's underclothes were marked with a false name. And there they had been careful, for the laundry marks, the initials varied in size, so that they should support the theory that they were not new.

She took the handkerchief back with murmured thanks, and this time felt his intrigued, inquiring eyes upon her face. She kept her lids down, so that he should not see the sparkle of amusement in her eyes. But, when he withdrew to the rail again, began his promenade up and down the deck, she saw his look sliding back, and she hid a smile in the bordered handkerchief.

He was interested now! A chance wasted. But if she could catch a glimpse of his luggage, peep at the labels, she might yet make a coincidence occur later, when this important bit of business was done and the big sum that she expected safely transferred to Paris. Until then she must be very, very careful; for Scotland Yard, the Sûreté in Paris, and a number of other police departments might be interested if they knew the precise nature of the business which carried this pretty widow into England.

Involuntarily, her eyes went to the luggage piled at her side. Involuntarily, too, she shuddered. For Grugnon was not a person whom one could fail with any safety.

She looked towards the cliffs of Dover, growing every moment nearer; ten minutes more—an hour by train to London—a room at a not too conspicuous hotel in Kensington—a brief, satisfactory interview with a guest who was waiting there impatiently for her to come, an American more rich than scrupulous, and the affair would be accomplished. After that, she would drive to the nearest cemetery and lay a wreath upon the first new grave that she could find. Grugnon, in his instructions, had left nothing to chance.

And then, her job complete, she might find some consolation for her widowhood! Fortunately, the weeds were most becoming!

She hid another smile as she thought what an amusing, profitable interlude might follow—and all expenses were already paid!

As the steamer entered harbour her watchful eyes noted the young man's movements; he was ready now, collecting his own baggage—one small suit-case. As she rose and signalled to a porter on the quay, Elise gathered up the bandbox and her face grew hard, her blue eyes wary. The moment was coming now; she kept the handkerchief in her hand. It might be better, if she saw some familiar face, to let the handkerchief supplement her make-up.

"Can I be of any use in any way?" The young man had hovered a moment uncertainly before making the offer.

Elise shook her head.

"Thank you, monsieur, but I have a porter," she said. Better take no risk now.

He bowed in that jerky, unaccustomed way, and went on shore. Elise followed, her veil folding itself about her face, the bandbox bumping as she walked down against the rail. The porter, with her two bags, came after her, and she kept the young man carefully in sight. There had been no initial on the bag he carried, nor any label, but if she stood next to him at the long, wooden Customs table she might, by luck, catch sight of an envelope, initials, some article that would give her a clue. For the more

(Continued on p. xxxii)



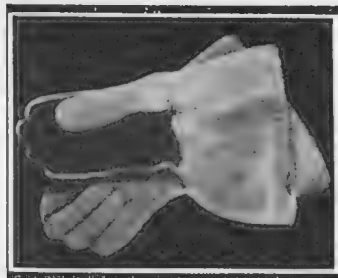
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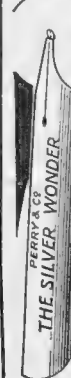
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We All Make Mistakes—continued from p. xxx

she watched the square, well-carried shoulders, the pleasant, youthful swing of his body, the more she fancied that coincidence that she had promised herself should be the treat at her first free moment.

As the crowds closed in she lost him, and urged her porter forward; but when they reached the table, with its uniformed officials, its waiting police and plain-clothes, sharp-eyed men, he was not there. She did not like to look back, or try to pick him out, for at this moment it was doubly important to keep up the fiction of her widowhood.

"Anything to declare?" The demand was being repeated monotonously in French and English.

"*Rien*, nothing except this." Elise opened her little hand-bag, and drew out a flat, tiny flacon of eau de Cologne which was, Grugnon had decided, in keeping. The Customs officer mumbled, he took her keys, unlocked the two suitcases, and turned over the contents superficially, closed and chalked both bags. Then he glanced inquiringly at the bandbox. Elise laid it on the table.

"Flowers—a wreath." She untied the string. The officer lifted the lid, then a double sheet of new white tissue paper, and looked at the dewy, unblemished lilies, the carnations, the maidenhair. An expensive wreath, a beauty. With an apology, he shut the lid. His look was sympathetic as he glanced at Elise, who held the handkerchief to her pale lips and gazed with a mournful stare at the bandbox.

The official, making a chalk-mark, turned away.

It was over! For the first time Elise sighed. She had not realized what a strain those few sharp minutes would be. She tied the box with trembling fingers, anxious only to get away towards the train.

"Excuse me —"

The Customs officer was back again; it needed no powder now to make Elise Payot pale, for behind him —

"This way, please." The young man of the steamer was not respectful now, he was curt and he was smiling. He led the way towards the small shed where the close examinations take place.

"What's this, inspector?" asked the man inside, and he looked at the young man.

Inspector! Detective—inspector?

Elise, trying to look absolutely fearless, trying to look merely angry, felt a cold hand close round her chest, an icy grip of pain that stole up to her throat. How? What mistake could she have made?

They were polite, but firm now; they were tipping her cases out, going through her baggage intently; they had taken the wreath from its box, and were going through the packing piece by piece. Well, they would find nothing. Elise hid her smile as she demanded, loudly, the reason for all this.

"If I'm mistaken, I'll apologise," said the young man, grimly. Then he added, to the officials, "I've been warned to look out for one of Grugnon's gang. I didn't spot her at first in that kit, and without her face paint, but I'm pretty sure that she's Elise Payot."

Elise had been waiting, watching furtively, until the searchers had finished with the bandbox; they were placing the wreath back. She broke out hotly, in French.

"It is an outrage! *Mon Dieu*, must one suffer this? I will see the Consul, I will —" Her voice died away. For the young man had moved. "Looking at this, weren't you?" he said, grinning.

And he picked up the wreath.

He turned it over. Elise watched him with stony eyes, while her breath caught, hurting, in her heart. Then he whistled.

"Gim'me a knife."

As the weapon sliced through the green tin casing on which the flowers were set, Elise swayed and recovered.

The tin pipe split, and the young man, with a cry, plucked a small wad of cotton wool from the inside. He pulled the wool apart, and laid upon the desk a stone like an enormous drop of clearest water, shining in the light.

As the two men turned to grab her, Elise broke loose; shrieking abuse, she hurled herself at the young man, and her nails scored the whole length of his face. They dragged her off and held her, spitting like a cat, while he wiped the blood off coolly.

"The Hendry diamonds, eh?" He turned the stone over while searchers drew out wad after wad of wool. Then, suddenly, he stooped and picked something from the floor. He turned it over—a black-bordered handkerchief. Without looking at the screaming woman, he put it down. Smiled.

"Without that, I'd have missed her," he said lightly, and pointed to two faint pink blots upon the new white linen. "Rouge. She'd none on her mouth, none on her cheeks. It made me look at her eyelids. Real widows, as a rule, don't have to paint their eyes red."

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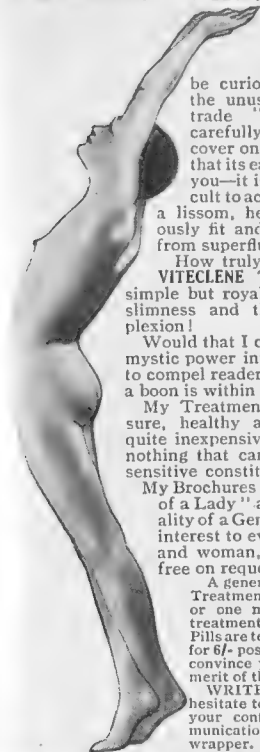
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The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for help for a lady aged sixty-five, who is practically bed-ridden with rheumatism and heart disease and who lives up in Yorkshire. She used to be a governess and nurse companion, but she had to spend all her savings on a serious operation and her late sister's illness. She is now trying to live on a small pension of £25 a year, her only income. A widow friend lives with her and looks after her free of charge, so, as she says, she has much to be thankful for. She tries to supplement her tiny pension by doing knitting, but this is a great strain on her as she is so crippled and it is really impossible for her to manage without additional help. The Friends of the Poor urgently ask for gifts towards £13 needed for one year.

"At the Sign of the Bible and Anchor" (The London Press Exchange, Ltd.), which has just been published, is a very fascinating history of a thoroughfare which is very well known to every Londoner and also to many who are not—St. Martin's Lane. It takes us back to the days when London was hardly much more than fairly middle-aged, when St. Martin's old church was really in the Fields, and Henry VIII lived in the Palace at Whitehall. It is excellently



OPENING OF THE GREEN PARK RESTAURANT, HOTEL SASHA
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Mrs. Archie Campbell, Mr. Allan Miller, and the Maharani of Cooch Behar, some of the big assemblage which helped to celebrate the opening of the Green Park Restaurant, Hotel Splendide, Piccadilly. The famous Umberto is the new Maitre d'Hôtel

well illustrated by prints and drawings, access to which was afforded to the author, Mr. Basil Burton, by the British Museum. The old church of St. Martin's dates back to many years before 135; the new one which we know to-day was finished in 1726, having been begun in 1721.

Phosferine for veterinary use is the latest production of the famous firm which has already laid the human world under such a heavy debt of gratitude. The wonder is that it has not been thought of before for the treatment of animals who need a tonic quite as often as do human beings, but the great thing is that Phosferine of veterinary strength has now been put on the market with an accompanying pamphlet giving the most explicit directions as to the right doses in various ailments of poultry, cage-birds, dogs, and rabbits. This list of "patients" seems to be far too modestly limited, for a good tonic of this description should be capable of administration to almost any animal. Why not horses? As to dogs the results obtained have been immensely successful, and this new veterinary strength of Phosferine should interest masters of hounds. We suggest, with the hunting season now close upon us, that fox-hound kennels are a department in which this preparation might prove to be of quite extraordinary value.

The necessity for a minor operation on his neck from which Godfrey Tearle has now entirely recovered, caused a certain amount of delay in the rehearsals of Walter Hackett's new play, *Road House*, that is now earmarked for production at the Whitehall Theatre in the early days of this month. Godfrey Tearle's part will be a comedy one. *Road House*, with a cast that includes Godfrey Tearle, Marion Lorne, and Gordon Harker, follows the fortunes over a number of years of a famous public-house in the county of Surrey. Mr. Hackett and his stage director during the past few weeks have visited a number of road houses that have recently sprung up within a radius of twenty or thirty miles around London in search of local atmosphere.

Mr. Herbert Richardson, the well-known Royal Mid-Surrey and former Oxford University player, has been appointed secretary to Ashridge Golf Club, Herts, in succession to Captain Ivor Chenevix-Trench, who has resigned. The Ashridge course will be formally opened with a four-ball exhibition match (Abe Mitchell and J. Bradbeer versus C. A. Whitcombe and A. J. Lacey) over 36 holes on Saturday, October 8th.

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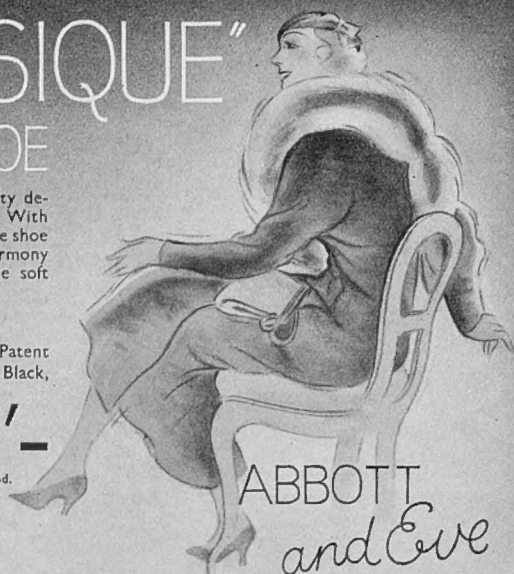
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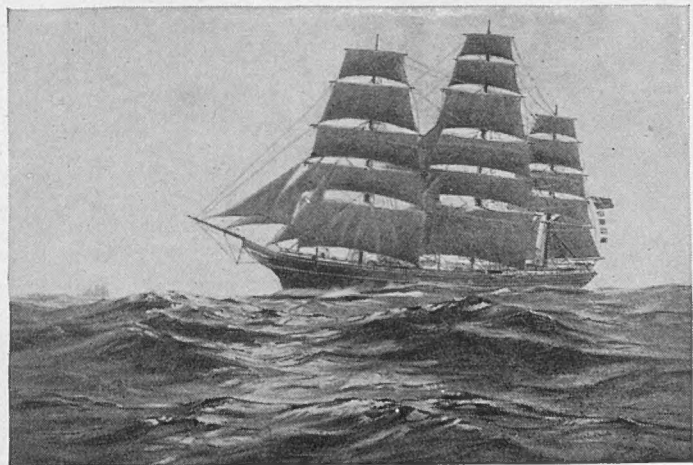
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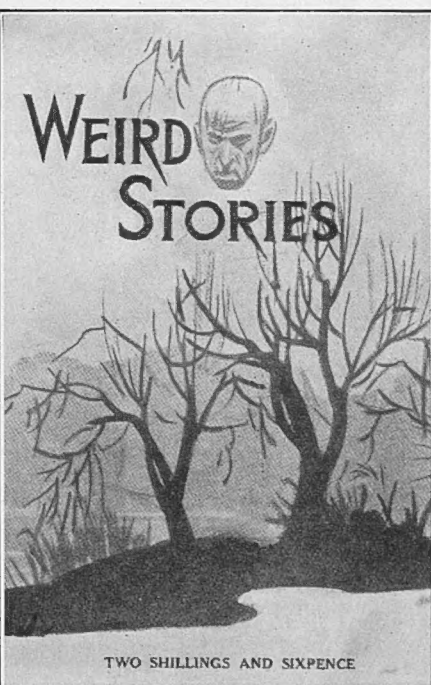
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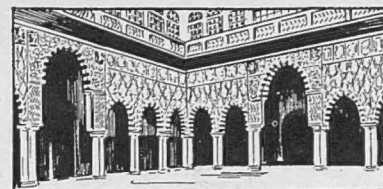
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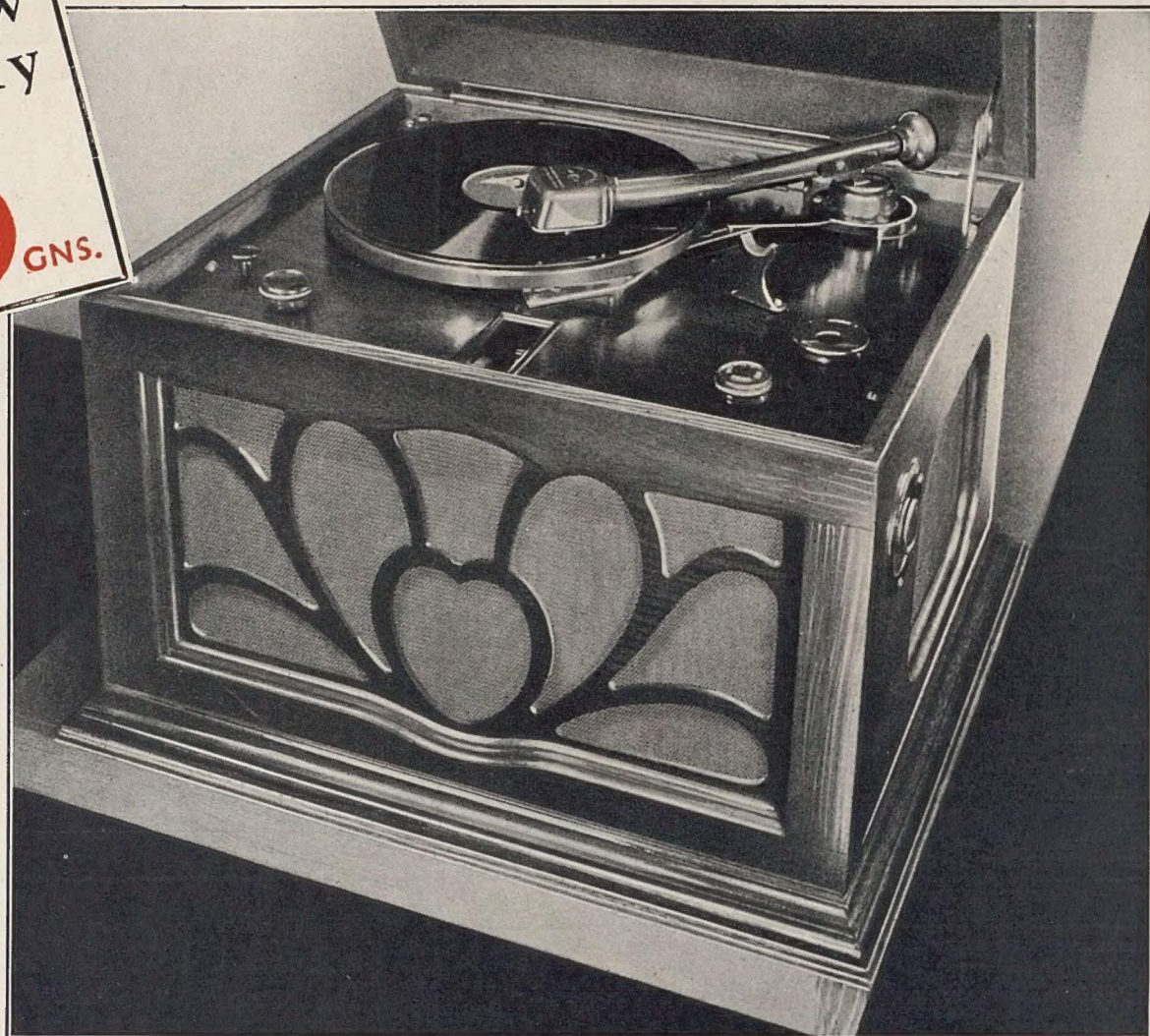


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